The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1893.

The Week.

THE President's departure from Washington, to spend the remainder of August on the Massachusetts coast, drives home the responsibility which now rests upon Senators and Representatives. The duty of calling Congress together and recommending the course of action which the exigency required was Mr. Cleveland's, and he has discharged it in a manner which commands the warm approval of good citizens, without distinction of party. He has done all that the Constitution and our theory of government require of the Executive in such an emergency. There is now only necessary "a wise and patriotic exercise of the legislative duty with which the people's representatives in Congress solely are charged"—to quote the apt words employed by the President in opening his message last week. Pending the discharge of this duty by the legislators, there is no call for the Executive's presence in Washington, while his absence puts an effectual embargo upon the stories that would otherwise be sure of circulation as to his attempting undue influence of Congress by the use of the appointing power.

Large bodies proverbially move slowly, and it is quite as much as anybody could reasonably expect that the House of Representatives should agree to take a final vote on the silver question three weeks from the opening of the session. No room whatever is left for doubt that repeal of the purchase clause of the Sherman Act will be carried by a good majority when the roll is called a week from next Monday. The advocates of repeal do well to allow two weeks for debate, since the displays which the free-silver men will make in that time must result in making their cause all the more ridiculous and hopeless. What Lincoln said to Congress about the slavery issue is true of the currency issue: "This is essentially a people's contest." We have no doubt that they will make their wishes known in Washington with such emphasis and unanimity that they will have their way now as they did in 1861.

One great advantage of the form fixed upon for the silver debate in the House is that it involves voting only on definite and intelligible propositions. What a ratio of 16 to 1 would mean we know, and so we do what one of 20 to 1 would be, and what a revival of the law of 1878 would be, and what an exclusive gold standard would be. By thus bringing the decision down to distinct terms we shall get rid of a great deal of the nebulous stuff that has passed current on the stump. A "currency adequate to the needs of commerce" might get the votes of many Representatives, on the ground that that was surely a harmless thing which all good men were in favor of, if it were not now necessary for the users of this fine phrase to come out from cover and say they mean by it putting fifty cents' worth of silver in a dollar. So with the various "per capita" and "poor man's money" disguises. They will all be stripped off, and the simple choice of a currency more or less depreciated and unstable brought out to be voted upon in the successive amendments. It will conduce to clearness of thought and to the right decision, but it will for ever make an end of a great many beautiful circumlocutions, like Senator Hill's "free bimetallic coinage."

The proposal of Mr. Bland and a faction of his faction to change the legal ratio of gold to silver in our coinage to some other figure not yet determined, has been received by the Populists with high indignation. They say that a change of ratio from 16 to 20, or any other change, would give away the whole principle for which they have been contending. They say, furthermore, that such a change would add one-fourth to the national debt and to all private debts. They add that the "dollar of the fathers" would vanish with the change of ratio, and that all the magic appertaining to it would vanish with it. They also say that they are fighting for a larger volume of circulation, and that they have no interest in a fight which is merely for a larger dollar. We think that Mr. Bland has weakened his cause materially by entertaining the suggestion of a change of ratio. The loss of support among the Populists is not of much consequence. They number less than a dozen members, and their moral support, if that phrase is allowable, is even less than their numerical strength. But the moment the silver men leave the anchorage of 16 to 1 they will be dashed on the rocks. New questions will come up immediately upon which they can never agree among themselves. In the first place, the question *What ratio?* contains the germs of controversy lasting for years. In each international monetary conference the bimetallists have been balked by this question. So, too, in the British Monetary Commission of 1886 the bimetallist section could not agree. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that, knowing they could not agree, they did not try. They were gently taunted by their adversaries on the Commission, but they gave no answer except to say that it would be time enough to agree upon a ratio when the principle was settled in favor of bimetallism at some ratio. The rejoinder of the other side is, and always will be, that the numerical expression of the ratio is the very essence of the question, and that a decision in favor of bimetallism would be impossible unless the ratio were satisfactory. But, of course, we must know what ratio the other side propose before we can say whether it would be satisfactory. So the scientific pursuit after the double standard takes a circular motion like the chase of a kitten after its own tail.

Senator Stewart of Nevada carries about a great fund of misinformation for the confusion of himself and others. Here is a sample of it. Senator Dolph was making a speech last week in favor of the repeal of the Silver-Purchase Act, and against free coinage, and against State bank-notes, and Mr. Stewart interrupted him to say:

> "Let me ask the Senator from Oregon whether he is aware of the fact that the French Government has $260,000,000 of silver in its treasury and $700,000,000 in circulation, and all its obligations are payable the same as ours, in either silver or gold."

Senator Dolph was not able to admit that the French Government had $260,000,000 of silver in its treasury, or any other amount, but he was prepared to admit that the Bank of France had a considerable amount in its vaults. Then the Nevada Senator proceeded to affirm: (1.) That nobody could obtain gold for exportation from the Bank of France. (2.) That nobody could obtain gold for exportation from Germany. (3.) That no government except that of the United States had "robbed the people of gold and given the creditor the preference when the option belonged to the Government." This last saying is rather obscure, but is supposed to mean that Secretary Carlisle ought to have redeemed the new Treasury notes in silver and kept his gold, and that when he paid out gold for Treasury notes he "robbed the people." These are very strange words coming from a man who contends that silver is as good as gold, if not better. Why is it "robbing the people" to pay out one metal instead of the other? It appears to us that Mr. Stewart has, in this extraordinary splutter, betrayed the same preference for gold that he showed when he required the buyers of his town lots to give notes and mortgages for the deferred payments in the yellow metal exclusively. It should be added that the representatives of Germany in the recent Brussels Conference denied flatly that any obstacle had ever been interposed by the Reichsbank to the withdrawal of gold for exportation or for any purpose whatsoever. Moreover, the cable says that $1,000,000 gold was drawn from the Bank of France on Friday for exportation to America.

The Ministerial Alliance of Denver has prepared a memorial addressed to the Pre-

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sident, asking that he proclaim a day for national fasting and prayer in view of the existing financial distress and "the great legalized sins of the nation." The only legalized sin we know of that bears on the financial distress is that of endangering the standard of value by the silver purchases. If the Denver clergy mean that, we are heartily with them in thinking it a national humiliation and danger, though we cannot believe they are recommending the surest way to remove it. As far as fasting is concerned, the natural operation of the Silver Law seems to be taking care of that, especially in Colorado, and the kind of prayer which the situation calls for is best summed up in the old saying, *Laborare est orare.* The men with whom the Denver ministers should labor are Senators Teller and Wolcott; and the ministers and other professional men, and particularly the business men, of the rest of the country should see to it that their representatives in Congress are left in no doubt as to what the people need and want. Then in a few weeks the Ministerial Alliance will feel more like calling for a day of national thanksgiving and rejoicing, and to such a call, or to a plan for making the regular Thanksgiving Day in November one of devout commemoration of our escape from a depreciated currency, we should have no objection whatever.

The action of the Ohio Democratic Convention in sustaining President Cleveland's position on the silver question is a significant illustration of the power of public opinion. There is little doubt that there was a strong free-coinage sentiment in the Convention. The Chairman was so confident that this sentiment would prevail that he made a furious pro-silver speech, borrowing his economic ideas mainly from the school of Peffer, Bland, Jones & Company. He would not have done this, it is reasonable to suppose, had he suspected that the Convention would repudiate him and his views by adopting with practical unanimity a platform in favor of the repeal of the Silver-Purchase Law. What he did not take into account was the force of public opinion among the people of the State. The delegates felt the pressure of that so strongly that they had no alternative but to sustain the President. What happened in the Convention will happen in Congress when the time for action arrives there. Public sentiment will make itself felt so imperatively that every Representative and Senator who hopes for a political future will discover that he can find no excuse for voting against repeal. There is really only one side to the question, and the pretence that there is more will not be able to survive public discussion. The business interests of the country know what they want Congress to do, and Congress will be forced, willy-nilly, to do it.

It is now becoming plain that the money market has emerged from its recent chaos, obtaining relief, as a panic market always does, by wholly unexpected means. This monetary relief is visible and tangible; it has already influenced the market for time-loans—though movements in this quarter should still be reckoned on with caution—and it has been reflected by a partial recovery in stocks. We refer again to these developments, however, for the purpose of warning people against reasoning too boldly from them. There is a disposition, most marked, as usual, on the mercurial Stock Exchange, to conclude that since temporary relief has come without the restoration of a sound currency, the problem of the vote at Washington is no longer the foremost financial issue. People who argue thus are reckoning sadly without their host. The $22,000,000 new gold imports have been obtained from London; how? Partly through sale in advance, at panic prices, of our agricultural produce; but chiefly, as all close observers understand, through sale or loan to English capitalists of huge blocks of American securities. Does any reasonable man suppose that London would keep such investments if it were known that United States finances were to be plunged into the abyss of free silver coinage? Why was the twenty or thirty millions currency which this new gold replaces hoarded in safe-deposit vaults? Clearly, for the very reason which would make timid people and hard-pressed banks hoard the new money if Congress were to threaten ruin afresh. We state the case thus plainly, not to revive alarm, because we believe that Congress will act wisely and as promptly as possible. Europe apparently believes so too, hence Europe is no longer selling on our market. But then she is no longer buying, and is seemingly following the prudent policy of watching. Our own investors having faith in the action of Congress, their liquidation, too, has ceased. But neither are they accumulating fresh lines of securities. It is a "room-traders' market." This is a situation very easy to understand, and it can be hardly overlooked that its chief, if not its sole, basis is belief in sound legislation.

Under the title, "Wrong Conceptions," the Republican editor of the *American Wool and Cotton Reporter* rebukes his fellow-Republican editors who have been endeavoring to read a dread of tariff changes in the present financial disturbance, and who have been representing the great industries of the country as on the verge of ruin. In regard to the textile industries at least, for which, he says, he can "speak by the book," he affirms that they are "not suffering depression because of any inherent condition of the market—the cause is external, it comes from the monetary disturbance; and, the cause removed, the recovery is only a question of a short time." He gives the highest and most unqualified praise to the President's message, and even walks up calmly to the tariff paragraph of it, without any of that snorting and backing and rearing in which the old party war-horses feel compelled to indulge. Settle the currency question, says the *Reporter*, and "a brisk business will be done."

The showing of the Fall River mills for the quarter ending July 31 is more favorable than would have been supposed. Thirty-one corporations, representing nearly $19,000,000 in capital stock, have paid out in dividends during the three months almost $415,000—an average of 2.21 per cent., while five paid 3 per cent., one 4, and one 5. This is partly accounted for by the fact that the mills were working largely during this period on contracts which had been booked at higher prices than have ruled during the last sixty days; but, even after making this allowance, the showing is exceedingly satisfactory. That the existing depression is due to the lack of confidence caused by the silver situation, rather than to the fear of tariff changes, is proved by the fact that the Fall River mills did so well many months after the election in which the country declared against the McKinley tariff. Thomas Dolan, the well-known textile manufacturer of Philadelphia, cites the experience of that city to the same effect. "In the woollen business," he says, "everything went along swimmingly until the 1st of July. Orders came in good and strong for fall goods. The situation was like this: Manufacturers had the benefit of the McKinley Act, which kept out foreign competitors, while they were able to buy raw material at lower prices than during the previous year. Conditions were thus favorable, and, with the good demand, everything was prosperous until the silver craze upset the country." Mr. Dolan, who is a Republican in politics, declares his belief that "the depression is almost wholly due to the silver policy," and that "confidence will be restored to the financial community by the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act."

Some months ago Mr. Edward Atkinson proposed that all outstanding arrears of pensions, which the Commissioner estimates will all be audited before the end of 1894, should be treated as "a part of the existing public debt," and provided for by the issue of exchequer bills at 3 per cent. interest, which would at once ease off the Treasury by $48,000,000. The Hartford *Courant*, Senator Hawley's newspaper, now comes forward with a scheme looking further in the same direction. Premising that from 1861 to 1892 the Government paid out the enormous sum of $1,418,348,212 for pensions, and that the appropriations on that account for the current fiscal year are $144,956,000, with an estimated deficiency of

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$10,508,621 besides, the *Courant* characterizes these payments as "a legacy of the war," and "part of the cost of the Union," and asks, "Why should the immediate present bear the whole of this heavy burden, whose benefits are not for now alone, but for by-and-by as well?" It suggests that we divide with posterity future pension payments, and issue bonds enough to pay say half the cost of the annual bill. The *Courant* urges not only that such a plan would be sound and just in the long run, but that its early adoption, and the issue in the near future of $70,000,000 to $75,000,000 of low-rate gold bonds, would not merely relieve the present situation, as the banks would be quick to pick up such bonds and issue currency against them, but would also take so much off from the taxes. The principal and fatal objection to this plan is, that it would be made the groundwork for an enlargement of the pension list to the extent of the borrowing powers of the Government.

We are having a practical demonstration of the usefulness of the new quarantine regulations passed by the last Congress. Surgeon-General Wyman of the Marine Hospital Service is present in person almost daily at the Quarantine Station in the lower bay, and is coöperating harmoniously with Dr. Jenkins in the work of examining the passengers from incoming ports suspected of cholera infection. The Surgeon-General has on duty also Dr. Young of the Marine Hospital Service, and is making it very clear that he looks upon the new law as conferring both responsibilities and powers upon him which he is determined to exercise to the full extent of his ability. The whole country has reason to feel safer than ever against a cholera invasion because of this conduct. The Surgeon General's presence will diffuse a stronger feeling of confidence in the New York Quarantine than has hitherto been possible.

The appointment by a Democratic President of a negro as postmaster in an Ohio town is a sign of the times. George Harding is the man, and Wilberforce the town. Wilberforce is the seat of a college devoted to the education of colored youth, and the county in which it is situated has the largest negro population, proportionally, of any in Ohio, though of course a large majority of the people in both county and town are white. But it never occurred to the Republicans to make one of the negroes postmaster, and we are under the impression that this is the first time a black man has been given such an office in Ohio.

It must occur to the Hon. Patrick Egan that his final return from Chili now presents a more or less melancholy contrast with his temporary return during the Presidential campaign of last year. Then he was received with great favor by the Republican potentates, and was taken out to Ophir Farm to be dined by the candidate for the Vice-Presidency and to address the yeomanry of Westchester County at a spontaneous serenade, followed by a collation in the evening. Those were glorious days for the Hon. Patrick. Everything he said and every movement he made was chronicled with deferential carefulness, for there was a profound conviction in the mind of the Republican Vice Presidential aspirant that an innumerable host of Irish voters was following close upon the coat-tails of Mr. Egan. When election day arrived, it was evident from the figures of the returns that there had been some mistake about the Irish vote, for there were no signs of it in the Republican total. It happens, therefore, that when Mr. Egan reappears among us now, the most that he gets in the way of attention is a very bad wood cut of his features, and a few lines of space for his views on the monetary crisis. Small wonder that the announcement is made that, after a brief sojourn here, Mr. Egan will go to his former home in Nebraska, and will, at the same time, we feel authorized in predicting, pass away for ever from American politics. He was the last of the Blaine Irishmen.

The most cursory examination of the Irish "estimates" would enable any one to form his conclusions as to the costliness of the task of seeking to govern a country without the assistance of the effective public opinion of its inhabitants. The report of the Irish Land Commissioners to the 31st of March last is in truth a review of the complication and cost involved in the tenure of land. The simple system of individual contract prevailing in most countries, in Ireland was untempered by the free play of public opinion, and hopelessly collapsed upon the outburst of the Land League agitation. Upon its wreck has been reared an elaborate system of inquiry, arrangement, settlement, and purchases under a permanent Land Commission. Judicial rents are fixed by chief commissioners and sub-commissioners, by valuers and by civil-bill courts. Fair rents are fixed by agreement and by arbitration, by commissioners, and by civil-bill courts. Appeals are heard. Orders are made for laborers' cottages and allotments. Judicial leases and fixed tenancies are arranged. Leases are inquired into, and if unjust declared void. Lessees are declared permanent yearly tenants. The surrender of holdings by middle-men is negotiated. Ten million pounds was granted for the sale of land to tenants under the Act of 1885, and £30,000,000 further guaranteed by taxes on Ireland, under the extremely complicated procedure of the Act of 1891. The present report is illustrated by ninety-five tables.

Immense benefits have been conferred upon the Irish agriculturists. Altogether, since the inception of the legislation in 1881, 288,054 cases of fair rent have been fixed, dealing with 8,666,151 of the 20,000,000 acres of Ireland. The rental in these cases has been reduced from £5,975,697 to £4,733,262 per annum, or 20.7 per cent. This reduction by law in Ireland, after a fierce agitation and untold suffering, is no greater than the rent reductions brought about in Great Britain by voluntary agreement. About £12,000,000 of the £40,000,000 already provided for has been lent to 30,000 persons to enable them to become proprietors. Of the annual instalments but 1 per cent. is any way in arrear, and an almost infinitesimal proportion can be considered as irrecoverable. So much for the average honesty, under reasonable conditions, of the Irish tenantry. The reductions in rent above noted have induced a perhaps corresponding amount of reduction by voluntary agreement out of court. The report by no means sums up all the benefits (in so far as the breaking down of ordinary economic principles is likely to be of permanently enduring benefit) assured to the Irish people by the agitation from which they are emerging. Laborers' houses by the thousand have been erected over the length and breadth of the country, and a system of registration of title, as yet greatly hampered by legal prejudices, has been instituted. It would be as easy to persuade the French that their great Revolution was not an untold benefit to their country as it would be to persuade the Irish to turn their backs upon the Land League.

The present protective laws of France were brought about by a combination between the manufacturing and the farming interests. For the sake of getting duties of nearly 70 per cent. on their wares, the manufacturers conceded to the farmers about half that rate on grain and various other food products, though they still insisted upon free silk and wool as necessary to their business. This combination was entered into rather grudgingly by the agriculturists, one of whom said that a quarter of the products of French agriculture was "outrageously sacrificed to the Moloch of free trade," and it now seems in danger of being broken up entirely. The severe drought in some parts of France has cut off the supplies of forage, and driven the price of cattle down to about one-sixth of what it was a year ago. The cattle-owners appealed for aid to the Chamber, which reluctantly gave them free entry of hay and straw, but refused, by large majorities, to grant them free corn and oats. The result has been to open the farmers' eyes to the beauties of protection, and it is thought that they will hereafter be found taking much more kindly to the Moloch of free trade.

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THE EXPERIENCE OF FRANCE.

In his speech in the House on Friday Mr. Bland quoted the British Gold and Silver Commission of 1888 to prove that the bimetallic law of France at the ratio of 15½ to 1 kept the market ratio steady at that ratio for the period of seventy years, from 1803 to 1873. This is one of the fictions of the silverites from which no amount of refutation will suffice to loosen them. But we will try to shake them once more. We might ask, as a preliminary question, why the spell was broken in 1873. The argument, based upon the supposed fact that silver and gold ratio was steady for the seventy years in question, is that there was a peculiar force in the French law causing that steadiness. Why did this magic cease to work in 1873? France did not close her mint to silver until after the market ratio had changed. It was nothing but the change of market ratio, which had begun to drain her of gold, that drove France to stop the coinage of silver. The bimetallists themselves admit this when they throw upon Germany the blame of forcing the hand of France by selling silver in 1873 and later. So it appears, even according to their own showing, that the French bimetallic law of 1873 was good only for fair weather. When a strain came, like the selling of silver by a neighboring country, the bimetallic law gave way. So the real question at issue is, *how much* strain such a law could possibly endure. If we admit all that is claimed for the experience of France, the sum total of the gain is that a bimetallic law has a *tendency* to hold the market ratio at a particular level, but that this tendency may be overcome by the conditions of supply and demand.

Even this is more than we can concede. And first let us glance at the report of the British Commission of 1888. This Commission consisted of men of a high order of intelligence, but, as it happened, it did not embrace a single person who could be called an expert. Not one of the members had any special familiarity with the subject in hand, while all of them had general familiarity with it. Accordingly they were in the mood to accept as true any scrap of misinformation that had passed for a long time unchallenged. Such a scrap of error was the statement that France had had the two metals in concurrent circulation for seventy years, from 1803 to 1873, at the ratio of 15½ to 1. They took this for granted and proceeded to advance certain *a priori* arguments to account for the remarkable steadiness of the market ratio. Among other things they said:

"The fact that the owner of the silver could in the last resort take it to those mints and have it converted into coin which would purchase commodities at the ratio of 15½ of silver to 1 of gold, would, in our opinion, be likely to affect the price of silver in the market generally, whoever the purchaser and for whatever the country it was destined. It would enable the seller to stand out for a price approximating to the legal ratio, and would tend to keep the market steady at about that point."

When their final report was published, Mr. Robert Giffen, the statistician of the British Board of Trade, who is a real expert in monetary science, took up this paragraph, so fraught with mischief, and showed that it was founded upon an entire misapprehension, for the reason that France did not have the two metals in concurrent circulation during the period under consideration, but had had them alternately, first one and then the other. He produced and published the market reports of Paris for each month from 1820 to 1847, during all of which time there had been a premium on gold ranging from ½ per cent. to 2 per cent. Nobody would pay a debt in gold when ½ per cent. could be saved by paying it in silver. On every debt of 1,000 francs from five to twenty francs could be saved, according to the premium of the day, by paying in silver. The literature of the period is full of proofs that gold was not in circulation at this time, although it was coined more or less at the French mint for money-changers and hoarders.

After 1847 a change took place due to the gold discoveries in California and Australia. Silver went to a premium in France, and was exported and melted to such an extent that the country was left with an insufficient supply of small change, and was obliged to adopt a token coinage by debasing the fineness of all coins smaller than five francs to 835 thousandths, instead of 900. After 1867 there was another change. Gold went to a small but increasing premium, which became so excessive in 1873 that the coinage of franc pieces was limited by law, and stopped altogether in 1876, in order to prevent the exportation of gold. In short, the facts show that France did not have the double standard in practice during the period in question any more than we in America had it. Mr. Giffen showed conclusively, too, that the French law of 1803 had no *tendency* to hold the two metals together. It should be remarked that as no reason has been assigned by the bimetallists for the spell coming to an end in 1873, there is as little reason for putting its beginning in 1803. The ratio of 15½ to 1 was adopted by France in 1785, and was continuous from that time, and was merely reënacted in 1803. On this point we will cite what Chevalier, the French economist, says in his celebrated treatise on money. Chevalier, it should be added, was the great champion of silver in his day.

"In the year XI. (1803)), when the law of seventh Germinal was enacted, which established for a temporary standard the ratio of 1 to 15½ between the two metals, this ratio actually existed in the commercial world; but little by little it changed, and soon gold came to be worth ordinarily a little more than 15½ times as much as silver—it has sometimes been worth a little above 16 times as much. This discrepancy, which has usually been about 1½ per cent. (that is, one-half of that which manifested itself from 1726 to 1785) would have had no effect if the prevision of Gaudin had been correct. On the contrary, it had a very considerable effect: *it sufficed to retire gold from circulation.* A few years after the passage of the law of the year XI. gold became so scarce that people had to buy it of the money-changers when they wanted to carry that kind of cash on their journeys. In fact, the circulation of the two metals side by side which Gaudin flattered himself that he should establish by means of the coinage of pieces denominated twenty francs and forty francs, *had ceased to exist shortly after the year XI., and twenty-five years after that date the circulation consisted of silver only*" ('La Monnaie,' p. 216).

CANADIAN AND AMERICAN BANKING.

The comparative freedom of the Canadian banks from the troubles now afflicting the American banks and the American people, has been discussed of late. In an interview in the *Evening Post* Mr. Walter Watson attributed the Canadian exemption to its system of branch banks. He pointed out that Canada, with its few leading banks, but with the branches of those banks extending throughout the country, was in a better position than our own bankers to have exact information about the true state of affairs, and could therefore arrange banking matters much better, anticipating and perhaps preventing so great a collapse of credit as we are now witnessing.

That the system of branch banks has great merits cannot be denied. Besides the advantage of more precise and extended information, the system lends itself also to a smaller proportion of reserves. The joint-stock banks of England, with their branches running up into the hundreds, are content with a proportion of reserve to liabilities of but 12 to 15 per cent. Saturday week's bank statement for the New York Clearing-house, though unusually poor, showed a reserve of about 21 per cent. The percentage of reserve, fixed by statute at 25 per cent. for city and 15 per cent. for country banks, is purely arbitrary. It is a high proportion, judged from a foreign standpoint. It is possible for a bank doing a regular business among conservative men to be safe in ordinary times with but half this legal requirement. The actual percentage needed must vary with the kind of business done. Now the low average of London banks is due in part to confidence in English finance and in part doubtless to the system of branches, which seems to require less money in each case, the home banks keeping the reserve for the hundreds of branches. With us to-day our lack of currency is in part due to the wish of each small bank throughout the country, acting independently, to have on hand a larger amount of cash than usual. So long, however, as there exists a popular, though unjust, prejudice against banks, it is useless to discuss the question of establishing branches in the United States.

But granting the branch plan its proper praise, there still remain large differences in national conditions which cannot be ascribed to that cause alone. Branches in Australia, for example, did not prevent disaster there. The want of branch banks did not cause our present disaster. The New York Clearing-house Association has

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been, from the day that it began to issue loan certificates, virtually one gigantic institution, larger than any bank with branches in the whole world, except perhaps the Bank of England and the Bank of France, both of which have branches. But the example and weight of the Clearing-house Association had no effect whatever to prevent the hoarding of money when the public began to apprehend a change in the standard of value from gold to silver. The reason is obvious. No bank or union of banks can do more than pay their obligations in the legal-tender money of the country. If causes are at work to change the legal tender, why, the banks are in the stream and must swim with it. Frightened depositors, however, will try to escape. Everybody who can will lay something aside, in order to be provided for the worst that can happen, and, as we all know, the withdrawal of one dollar actual cash removes the foundation of ten to twenty dollars of credit. The primary difference between us and Canada is that the latter is not exposed to a change of standard, and hence her fabric of credit is not impaired.

Moreover, the bank note system of Canada is grounded upon the true principle that the bank's bills receivable shall provide for and redeem the circulating notes. Bank-notes are issued by the discount of commercial paper. A B offers his promissory note at 60 or 90 days for discount. It is for the bank officers to know that this note represents goods produced and actually in the market, either sold or ready to be sold. Any other kind of promissory note is accommodation or speculation. The discounting of the latter is not entitled to be called banking. When the bank discounts the promissory note, it may and generally will pay out its own notes to a corresponding sum. So long as the bills receivable are good the bank-notes must be good, because the one offsets the other. This is the Canadian system. We need not now consider the safeguards employed. They have been found sufficient thus far, although they do not require a deposit of Government bonds. It is obvious that as long as the safeguards are sufficient there cannot be a "currency famine" like that which we are now suffering from.

Another reason why Canada is not suffering like the United States lies in the fact that Canada has not been so progressive as we have. The lack of advancement in numbers and in wealth has long been known to and bewailed by Canadian statesmen. This is due to a circumscribed territory. It has a physical cause and cannot be helped. In a country which advances in prosperity but slowly, banking cannot well be otherwise than slow and cautious. While Canada has been standing still, comparatively speaking, the United States has advanced by leaps and bounds. Faith in American enterprises has in general been well deserved and well kept. If we had been restricted to a humdrum career, we should, like Canada, have been beyond a credit panic. As it is, it is not the industries and railroads of the United States which are unsound, generally speaking. Suspicion has indeed reached them, but only because of the distrust of all values first engendered by the fear of our currency. Great Britain itself would be in a panic if a law were enacted there throwing doubt upon the standard of value. London, with its enormous structure of credit, would feel the effects of such a law at once and disastrously.

Of course we have ourselves to thank for the unfortunate position in which business is placed. Yet, as compared with Canada, our distress is great in proportion to our previous prosperity. Our aim should be to strengthen our credit by a good banking system, though not necessarily by branch banks, so that we may have the old-time prosperity, and yet with safety. It is certainly the duty of Americans to go on utilizing the great advantages which our country offers to the enterprising; but if we are to succeed in this, we must take especial pains to support the credits by which alone great advances in wealth and prosperity are easily possible. We can thus secure our future, while having Canadian conservatism and security too.

THE BERING SEA DECISION.

It is clear to any one who will read the official correspondence that the Paris arbitrators have simply put us back where we were in 1890, and have given us, after three years of tremendous shedding of ink and discharge of argument and a costly arbitration, only what we might have had then for the asking. From the very beginning, the British Government showed itself willing to come to an amicable agreement about a close season. Mr. Bayard was in a fair way to secure from Lord Salisbury in 1888 all that was needed, with the additional advantage of having Russia a party to the agreement, when the Presidential election and the request of Canada for delay broke off the negotiations. But the willingness of Great Britain to come to a friendly understanding remained unchanged, and on April 30, 1890, Sir Julian Pauncefote offered to Mr. Blaine what were substantially the same terms that the arbitrators now impose—or what, under the further negotiation that was invited, might easily have been made the same.

Expressing for the twentieth time the earnest desire of his Government for a friendly settlement of the dispute, and for "the preservation of the fur-seal species for the benefit of mankind," Sir Julian proposed (1) "that pelagic sealing should be prohibited in the Bering Sea, the Sea of Okhotsk, and the adjoining waters, during the months of May and June, and during the months of October, November, and December, which may be termed the 'migration periods' of the fur-seal"; and (2) "that all sealing vessels should be prohibited from approaching the breeding islands within a radius of ten miles." The use of firearms and other minor matters were to be settled in view of the further evidence to be brought to light by special inquiries. Thus the United States were freely offered substantially all that they have now secured. But Mr. Blaine replied that the proposals "cannot be accepted," and that the United States could not be expected to be content with anything less than an acknowledgment that their "rights within the Bering Sea and on the islands thereof" are "absolute."

Later on he proceeded to develop his conception of what those "rights" were and were founded on, and on December 17, 1890, stated, as the real "issues" between the two Governments, precisely those five points all of which have now been declared to be untenable, on three of them one of the American arbitrators, Justice Harlan, being unable to sustain the position of his own Government. Mr. Blaine was especially emphatic on our property rights in the seals, in a letter of April 14, 1891, dwelling upon the "homing instinct" of the seals and all the rest of it in the way carried to such ridiculous lengths by the arguments at Paris. Thus it appears that all these points, which he said made up the only "issue," and which he put into the American case, have been thrown out of court. Mr. Blaine's history has been declared, one of his own arbitrators concurring, to be fiction, his geography pure fancy, and his international law a mere whim; and the result of the long and expensive arbitration is to give us what he contemptuously refused in 1890.

The part which Mr. E. J. Phelps has played in the whole affair is not one that he or his countrymen can look upon with complacency. In a letter to Mr. Bayard, of September 12, 1888, he practically advised our Government to go to war with Great Britain, international law or no international law. Nothing else could have been intended by or could have followed from his advice to make a "resolute stand," and his "earnestly recommending that the vessels that have been already seized be firmly held, and that measures be taken to capture and hold every one hereafter found concerned in it [sealing]." This was an extraordinary letter to have come from the American Minister to England, and Mr. Bayard simply filed it away as a curiosity. But when Mr. Blaine came in, he seems to have found it, to have approved of it, and acted upon it. Certainly he published it in 1891 with approval, and certainly he seemed prepared to provoke a war in 1890 in the line of its recommendations. It was only the flat notice, served upon Harrison by Lord Salisbury, that the United States Government would be held responsible for seizing

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British vessels upon the high seas, that led to the temporary *modus vivendi* and the subsequent arbitration. Mr. Phelps, however, disapproved of such a weak policy, and his voice was still for war no longer ago than in his argument at Paris, when he said that, had he been President, he never would have submitted the question to arbitration at all.

The result, especially in view of Justice Harlan's judicial-mindedness, is a fresh triumph for international arbitration.

OWNED AND RENTED HOMES.

ACCORDING to the eleventh census, there were resident in New England on the first day of June, 1890, 1,034,262 families. Bulletins giving a summary of the returns of farm and home ownership and encumbrance have been issued for each one of the six States in that section of the country, and from the figures therein contained it appears that, of the total number of families, 461,414 resided upon farms or in houses owned by some member or members of the families occupying them, while the remaining 55 per cent., or 572,848 families, lived in hired habitations.

Among farmers, proprietors are proportionately more numerous and tenants less so than is the case among the non-farming classes of the community. Of the 190,361 New England farming families, no less than 165,455, or very nearly 87 per cent. of the whole, own their farms, while of the 843,901 other families only 295,595, or but a trifle over 35 per cent., were not tenants. It further appears that, excluding the farms altogether, home ownership is much more frequent in the rural districts and in the smaller villages and towns than it is in the cities, and that as a rule the more populous the city the smaller is the proportion of its inhabitants who are the proprietors of the houses in which they live. Thus, the percentage of owning to total families was 46 in the case of non-farming families residing outside of cities of at least 8,000 inhabitants, 31 in cities of from 8,000 to 100,000 inhabitants, and but 19 in the cities of over 100,000 inhabitants.

In other words, comparing the farmers with the people of Boston and Providence, the only two New England cities with over 100,000 inhabitants each, we find that, proportionately, proprietors of their own roof-trees are about four and a half times more numerous among the former than among the latter. Of course it does not follow that, because the general rule is that the more populous the city the smaller is the proportion of its people who own their homes, a particular city of, say, 50,000 inhabitants must necessarily have relatively more home owners than a city of half a million people. Special local conditions may, and in particular cases do, more than offset the influence of the general tendency. Thus, in Holyoke, with 35,673 inhabitants, only 16.16 per cent. of the families own their homes, as against 18.43 per cent. in Boston, with a population of 448,477. No attempt was made by the Census Office to find out how many people owned residences. All it tried to do was to ascertain how many people owned the particular house in which they lived, and how many did not. Of course it frequently happens that the proprietor of one or many houses does not live in any one of them, but may himself be a renter of an entire house or of a "flat" from some one else, or may live in a boarding-house or at a hotel. In the census such a person figures as a renter.

The reasons why a very large proportion of the inhabitants of cities, and especially of our larger cities, do not own the houses in which they live are many, and not a few of them are obvious. In the first place, the larger the city the more costly, as a rule, is the average house in it, the value of the ground being so much greater. Thus, while the average Massachusetts mortgaged farm is worth $3,158, and the average mortgaged house outside of the cities $2,660, the average value of such a house in cities of from 8,000 to 100,000 inhabitants is $4,167, and in Boston $7,026. In all great urban communities the proportion of the purely transient population is always important. Neither the rich nor the poor persons so situated are likely, except under very peculiar circumstances, to be the owners of the houses in which they happen to be when the census is taken. Practically all of the tenement, apartment, and boarding-house and hotel population will be included in the families who hire their houses. Then in cities there are very many people, quite well enough off to own the houses in which they live, who do not do so because, as they happen to be situated, it is cheaper or more convenient for them to rent.

These and other causes sufficiently explain the very much larger proportion of proprietors among the farmers than among the inhabitants of cities, not only in New England, but throughout the country, if scattered States in other sections for which the statistics on this subject have been published can be accepted as fair samples. It is not easy to explain, however, why it is that, in New England, of the homes other than farms occupied by their owners, so much larger a proportion are under mortgage than is the case with the farms. So much has been said and written about mortgaged farms that it will probably be a surprise to most persons to learn that in New England only 28 per cent. of the farms owned by their occupants are mortgaged, as against 31 per cent. of the homes outside of the cities, 42 per cent. in the cities of between 8,000 and 100,000 inhabitants, and 39 per cent. in the two cities with more than 100,000 inhabitants each.

From the returns thus far published for other States, however, it seems probable that, as a general rule throughout the country, the reverse is true, as it is even in the New England States of Maine and Vermont. Among the six New England States there are some curious differences in the proportion of owned and hired and of free and encumbered habitations. The peculiarities of Rhode Island (in which the tenant farmers are proportionately very much more numerous than in the other States, constituting as they do 25 per cent. of all the farming families, while on the other hand less than 20 per cent. of the farm-owning families have encumbrances on their places—a smaller proportion than in any other New England State) may be passed over as unimportant on account of the small number of farming families in the State, viz., only 5,500 all told. It is not, however, so very easy to dismiss or explain the fact that while in Maine only eight and in New Hampshire only eleven out of every 100 farming families are renters, in Vermont no less than eighteen hire the land they till; or that while only 22 per cent. of the Maine and New Hampshire farms occupied by their owners are mortgaged, in Vermont 44 per cent. are subject to such encumbrance. On the other hand, in respect to the percentage the encumbrances bear to the value of the encumbered property, as that value is estimated by the owners, there is very little variation among these States, the extreme range being from 36.68 per cent. of the aggregate value of the encumbered farms of Maine to 45.03 per cent. of the value of the encumbered homes of Massachusetts. Nor is the range of the average interest paid great, varying from 5.38 per cent. in the cities of Connecticut to 6.26 per cent. on the farms of Maine.

In the value of the encumbered farms and of the encumbered homes outside of the cities, there is a very great difference between the three northernmost States and the three southernmost, as the following table shows:

State.	Farms.	Average Value of Encumbered Homes Outside Cities.
Maine	$1,449	$1,592
New Hampshire	1,940	2,014
Vermont	2,405	1,881
Massachusetts	3,158	2,660
Rhode Island	3,581	2,788
Connecticut	3,115	2,726

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—III.

FINE ARTS: PICTURES BY AMERICAN ARTISTS — SCULPTURAL AND PICTORIAL DECORATION.

CHICAGO, July, 1893.

A MOST gratifying thing about the American exhibition is the large number of good portraits. The two small beautifully drawn portraits of a lady by T. W. Dewing, the stately full-length seated figure of a lady in a black gown by Frederick P. Vinton, the brilliant and remarkably life-like "Portrait of Mr. Joe Evans" by Alfred Q. Collins, the fine picture-portrait of Augustus St. Gaudens by Kenyon Cox, and the excellent full-length figure of a boy in a blue suit by the same artist, the seated figure of a lady in white by E. H. Blashfield, the picturesque "Portrait of Mme. Eames-Story" by Julian Story, "My Sister Lydia" by Edmund C. Tarbell, and "Portrait of Miss E. A. H." by Carroll Beckwith, are some of

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those that for one or another merit are conspicuous. Mr. Thayer seems less happily represented than he might have been, with two works that scarcely show his best qualities, "Portrait of a Lady" and "Brother and Sister." Mr. Chase, on the other hand, is seen in one of his best phases in the full-length figure of a little girl in a white dress, "Alice—A Portrait." A very well composed and soundly painted picture is the "Portrait of a Lady" by Samuel Isham, and other notable works in portraiture are those signed by Frank Fowler, Charles Sprague Pearce, Jules L. Stewart, Frank Benson, Charles E. Boutwood, Eastman Johnson, W. W. Churchill, George W. Maynard, Anna Lea Merritt, Cecilia Beaux, and Dora Wheeler Keith.

It would have been much more interesting if, in the American galleries, the pictures by the various painters who are represented there by five or six or more works each could have been hung in groups. Such an arrangement was effectively carried out in hanging the French galleries at Paris in 1889, and made it much easier to form a right estimate of the value and importance of each artist's work than is possible when the pictures are widely scattered, as they are at Chicago. I feel sure, too, that it would have made the walls look better, though it is stated by the officials who had charge of the hanging, that the group system was tried but was found impracticable for several reasons. Possibly the question might have been most satisfactorily settled if the works of two artists—one a figure-painter and the other a landscape-painter—had been selected for groups, and the arrangement carried out as far as the number of works sent by such painters would warrant. It is easy to see by the catalogue (in which we find, for example, that Mr. Homer has fifteen pictures, Mr. Sargent nine, Mr. Dewing seven, Mr. Harrison six, Mr. Cox twelve, Mr. Chase six, Mr. Curran eleven, Mr. Vonnoh twelve, Mr. Eakins ten, Mr. C. Y. Turner eleven, Mr. Melchers seven, Mr. Weir eight, and so on, and that among the landscape-painters there are fifteen pictures by Mr. Inness, fourteen by Mr. Tryon, ten by the late A. H. Wyant, eleven by Mr. Gifford, six by Mr. Davis, five by Mr. Enneking, five by Mr. Twachtman, four by Mr. Dewey, six by Mr. Coffin, and from three to four by a considerable number of others) that the material was not lacking.

Grouping would have shown us better, also, how the work by American artists at home compares with that by those abroad—a question in which all who are following the development of an art atmosphere in New York are keenly interested. So far as the painters of the figure are concerned, the honors are about even, inasmuch as, in the present exhibition, for such men as Sargent, Whistler, Harrison, Abbey, Melchers, Dannat, Simmons, Hitchcock, Walter Gay, Marr, Weeks, Stewart, Vail, Pearce, and Bridgman on the other side of the water, we have here among those at home Winslow Homer, Chase, Dewing, Cox, Thayer, Brush, Tarbell, Collins, Blashfield, Mowbray, Weir, Low, Vinton, Millet, and Wiles. Almost all the landscapes in the exhibition are by the home artists, and the excellence of the work by American artists in this direction seems to be largely due to home influences.

Such pictures as Mr. Thayer's "Virgin Enthroned," Mr. Simmons's "The Carpenter's Son," Mr. Brush's "Mother and Child" and "The Sculptor and the King," Mr. Dewing's "The Days," Mr. Cox's "An Eclogue," Mr. Denman's "The Trio," Mr. Millet's "At the Inn" and "Anthony Van Corlear the Trumpeter," Mr. Weeks's "Three Beggars of Cordova," Mr. Walter Gay's "A Gregorian Chant," Mr. Melchers's "Skaters," "Married," and "The Sermon," Mr. Mowbray's "Evening Breeze," Mr. Blashfield's "Christmas Bells," Mr. Hitchcock's "Tulip Culture," Mr. Ulrich's "In the Land of Promise," Mr. Stewart's "The Hunt Ball," Mr. Low's "Love Disarmed," and Mr. Du Mond's "Holy Family," which have had successes in exhibitions in New York or Paris, and now appear here together, show how diversified are the purposes of American painters and how individual are their technical methods. Mr. Dannat, the painter of the robust and solidly modelled group of Spanish idlers singing in a tavern, "The Quatuor," in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, sends from Paris a picture called "Spanish Women," which shows he has taken a path that leads in the opposite direction from the one he was following when he painted "The Quatuor." As character studies, the five women seated in a row are admirable, but the picture seems to have no more "body" than so much wall paper, and it is strangely pervaded by various tones of blue. The immense picture by Carl Marr, "The Flagellants," shows a great deal of ability on the part of the painter in holding together a large canvas with a great number of figures, and possesses much that is good in the technical sense; "Tea al fresco" and "June Morning," by Mary Fairchild MacMonnies, are large pictures painted in a very high key, and more decorative than realistic; "The Fishermen's Departure" and "Evening," by Louis P. Dessar, large canvases also, show much truth of observation in painting out-of-doors effects and healthy sentiment, and Mr. Bridgman's spirited composition, "The Passage of the Red Sea," presents, among other qualities, some notable drawing of horses in movement.

These pictures and others by the same artists, and by C. C. Curran, Childe Hassam, Robert Reid, H. R. Poore, Theodore Robinson, Eugene Vail, W. S. Vanderbilt Allen, E. L. Henry, J. G. Brown, Louis Moeller, Irving R. Wiles, C. P. Grayson, F. S. Church, Thomas Hovenden, Frederick James, D. Ridgway Knight, L. Lee Robbins, Amanda B. Sewell, R. V. V. Sewell, C. J. Thériat, C. Y. Turner, F. C. Jones, Henry O. Walker, and John McLure Hamilton, together with the portraits previously mentioned, include what is most notable from the figure-painters. To the list, however, should be added, though it is a decoration intended for the Boston Public Library, the section of a frieze representing Galahad brought to Arthur's Court, by Edwin A. Abbey. It shows this artist, who has achieved such a high reputation as an illustrator, in a new field. One decorative work by him, "The Bowling Green," has been in place in the Hotel Imperial in New York for several years, but, excellent as it is, there is little in it to foretell the success he has achieved in this last composition. The first and most important consideration, that such a work shall be decorative, has been well observed; the arrangement of the figures is effective; the double row of angels in white robes close above the congregation of knights is capitally disposed as to line and mass, and the color scheme is agreeable and harmonious. The picture will certainly increase Mr. Abbey's fame, and in all probability it will look even better in its place in the Library hall than it does in the galleries of the exhibition.

Landscapes are numerous in the American section, and no other pictures show more conclusively than they do that American artists are making steady and rapid progress in individual expression. A criticism applicable to many of the exhibits is that form is somewhat neglected in the effort to obtain color quality. There is no lack of cleverness in brush work, and picturesqueness of general arrangement is notable in many instances where sincerity and thoroughness in the comprehension of drawing are not so apparent. Most of the painters seem to be synthesists in method, and that is a tendency in the right direction, but at the same time synthesis without the fullest comprehension of the underlying constructive forms in nature leads to emptiness and lack of character. With the fine feeling for color shown by so many American painters of landscape, more attention to form would do much to raise their work to a level which painters of other schools scarcely attain. Mr. Inness, the dean of the landscape-painters, is well represented by fifteen pictures. They extend over a considerable part of his career as a painter, and include the "Delaware Valley," an early work, some such excellent interpretations of Nature's changing aspects as "Winter Morning," "A Day in June," and a "A Gray Lowery Day," and one picture, "End of the Shower," with a dark sky and a white cow in full sunlight in the foreground, that is certainly equal to if it is not better than anything he has yet produced. It is a beautiful work, quite free from a certain softness and indecision in form that may be noted in some of the other pictures, admirable as a piece of color and most effective in composition. Mr. Tryon, in addition to a number of sympathetic, poetically treated pictures, such as "Starlight" and "The Rising Moon," exhibits a series of decorative panels, a form of landscape art to which his temperament seems to be peculiarly well adapted. They are simple in composition and notable for unity of effect and breadth of handling. A group of ten pictures by the late A. H. Wyant, who was one of the best landscape-painters we have ever had, show very well the charm and personal character of his work; and Mr. Gifford's methods are exemplified in eleven compositions, including moorland motives and coast scenes. A strong, virile landscape is Mr. Donoho's "La Marcellerie," a delightful rendering of morning sunshine on green meadows and tall trees is Mr. Davis's "Summer Morning," and two canvases by T. C. Steele, a newcomer, "On the Muscatatuck" and "September," evince qualities of a high order. E. Evans, another newcomer, shows excellent work in "Harvest"; and "Pasture Land, Connecticut," by Charles H. Hayden, is a direct, frank piece of painting remarkable for good modelling. Most of our well-known landscape-painters are well represented—H. Bolton Jones, Homer D. Martin, R. C. Minor, Charles Melville Dewey, W. L. Picknell, Appleton Brown, C. A. Platt, H. G. Dearth, Leonard Ochtman, C. H. Eaton, C. W. Eaton, R. W. Van Boskerck, G. H. Bogert, J. H. Twachtman, Edward Gay, and J. J. Enneking being the most prominent in the long list; and there are landscapes, also, or landscapes with subordinate figures or cattle, by J. Alden Weir, Theodore Robinson, W. L. Metcalf, R. W. Vonnoh, W. H. Howe, C. Morgan McIlhenny, and H. S. Bisping.

To sum up, the landscapes in the American section are extremely good, and one has but to walk through the galleries of the other nations after looking at them, to feel how good they are. If we have as yet no Corot or Daubigny, it is easy to perceive that the conditions are at least favorable for the appearance of such masters, for, as in all great "art movements,"

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surpassing merit comes as a flower of steady, healthful growth.

The exhibition of water colors, pastels, black-and-white drawings, engravings, and etchings by American artists is as complete and comprehensive as that in oil paintings, but space does not permit of a review in detail. The collection of architectural drawings also shows the same remarkable progress in the practice of the art in the United States that is observable in painting. One of the galleries on the ground floor of the Art Building is devoted to a "Retrospective Exhibit of American Painting" from the colonial days when John Smibert (1684–1751) and John Singleton Copley (1737–1815) painted portraits, up to a period of a decade or so ago. It embraces works by Washington Allston (whose "Paul and Silas in Prison" shows how little there was in his painting to justify the reputation ascribed to him by his biographers), Thomas Doughty, Charles L. Elliott, William M. Hunt, Jervis McEntee, the two Peales, Pine, William Page, Gilbert Stuart, Sully, Benjamin West, Joseph Wright, John Trumbull, R. W. Weir, George Fuller, and others. It is much more interesting as an historical summary than as an art exhibition, except in the case of some of the canvases by Stuart, Elliott, Hunt, McEntee, Foxcroft Cole, and two or three others, possibly. It was a happy thought to bring the pictures in this room together, and if, through the difficulties that are inherent in such an undertaking, the collection is not as complete as it might be, it suffices to show that the United States has an honorable if not a brilliant past in art, and that the excellence of the work of American artists in our day dates almost as clearly and cleanly from 1876–'77 as if it were an actual beginning.

When the beautiful buildings in which the World's Fair is held were projected and the plan of the grounds was laid out, means were found by the public-spirited citizens of Chicago to pay for pictorial and sculptural decoration by American artists. Mr. MacMonnies's beautiful fountain, the splendid statue of the Republic by Mr. French, the quadriga crowning the peristyle—a work of great beauty which reflects the highest credit on Messrs. French and Potter, the sculptors who created it—the monumental groups of animals by Mr. Potter and others, Mr. Martiny's figures on the Agricultural Building, and other works, show that their enterprise was justified. How much they count for in the grandeur of the ensemble of the Fair could only be estimated if they were removed, and what has been done here will certainly make it out of the question to attempt to carry out architectural schemes of similar importance on other occasions without the beautifying coöperation of the sculptors. Mural decoration in color has also been provided for in some of the buildings. In one instance, and the only one in which it is an absolute, miserable failure, the United States Government is the sponsor. The Government Building is bad enough outside, but the walls of the rotunda and the interior of the dome are far worse. Unspeakably bad compositions, supposed to typify the arts, sciences, and industries, are framed there between green and brown imitation marble columns, and over these are ugly little bird's-eye views of various towns and places painted in weakly brownish tints. It is all bad beyond words, and presumably visitors to the Fair will give all the credit for the good work in the other buildings to Chicago, and wonder why the national Government, which ought to be foremost in such matters, shows no comprehension of them whatever.

The principal color decorations at the Fair are found in the Manufactures and Liberal Arts, the Agricultural, and the Administration Buildings. In the last-named the ceiling of the dome is decorated by William L. Dodge with a spirited, strongly handled composition that can be seen only by ascending to the gallery from which the dome proper rises. In the Agricultural Building there are figures in the porticoes by George W. Maynard, typifying the seasons, and in eight domes in the entrances to the Manufactures and Liberal Arts Building there are compositions by Carroll Beckwith, E. H. Blashfield, Kenyon Cox, Robert Reid, C. S. Reinhart, Walter Shirlaw, and Edward Simmons. Mr. Maynard in his work shows a full comprehension of the exigencies of his task, and his figures with the Pompeian red backgrounds are eminently decorative and suitable to their environment. Mr. Cox and Mr. Blashfield have been most successful in the treatment of their domes—the one with the simplest of compositions obtaining excellent effect by the apparent sureness of his procedure, very good drawing, and the careful treatment of accessories; the other, with a more elaborate scheme, showing equal ability to cope with difficulties, and a fine sense of unity in binding the different parts of the composition in a harmonious whole. Both are good in color and look well in their places. As everything about the pictures in these domes is white, without even a single note of color anywhere, the artistic problem involved was not an easy one. The domes by Mr. Reid and Mr. Weir are pleasing in color and decorative effect; that by Mr. Simmons is notable for the sturdy, virile character of his design; Mr. Beckwith's introduces a modern note in the use of recent electrical inventions as accessories to his figures, and those by Mr. Shirlaw and Mr. Reinhart are well held together in composition. The work in these domes on the whole, as well as the more ambitious compositions by J. Gari Melchers, Walter McEwen, and F. D. Millet in the same building, and by Mr. Dodge, which has been mentioned above, prove plainly that American painters are equal to undertaking the execution of decorative projects of the most complex character; and it is to be hoped that what has been done here will induce more architects who have public work to design, and individuals who have money to spend on buildings for private use, to invoke the aid of our artists in beautifying them. In the Woman's Building, too, where the decoration of the tympana has been done by Mrs. MacMonnies and Miss Cassatt, there is excellent work. Miss Cassatt's composition is not nearly so effective as it would have been if the figures were larger and the great masses of green which make their background were less vivid in hue; but the decoration by Mrs. MacMonnies is one of the best at the Fair. WILLIAM A. COFFIN.

DISORDER—THE SPEAKER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

LONDON, August 4, 1893.

LAST week's fracas, although exaggerated in newspaper reports, was unquestionably disgraceful. For the first time in 250 years, members laid violent hands upon each other in the House of Commons. There was, however, no premeditated ill-feeling between individuals, the acute stage did not last for many seconds, and as to blows only three were concerned. For the moment the scene was sufficiently shocking, uncertain as one felt how far it might extend, and how many might become involved. Yet to thoughtful minds it was no anomaly. It was a natural outcome of the contending passions and the irritating language so freely indulged in since the commencement of the session. The promise of a great act of justice, the reversal of the tyrannical policy of the past regarding Ireland, has worked a complete change in the spirit of the country and her representatives. The Opposition, especially the Liberal-Unionist section, have blindly opposed such change. As the past has been, so must be the future. Irishmen must be condemned to continue the hereditary enemies of each other and of the sister island. So every idle word spoken within late years, under most aggravating circumstances, and every crime committed, when crime was almost the only weapon left in the hands of the Irish people, was to be daily and hourly resuscitated, and presented in naked form, stripped of all extenuating considerations and circumstances. An opposition based upon no principle, shameful in its tactics of delay and confusion, has been resorted to. More maddening than all, at least to the Irish members, has been the cowardly parade of present Irish crime, as proof that the Irish are a hopelessly inferior race—cowardly because it has been impossible to retaliate and show by a recital of British crime that crime is not peculiar to Ireland, since such a course would hopelessly alienate British feeling; and so passions were inflamed and feelings dangerously repressed.

Yet in this scene all parties were to blame, and quick as lightning a succession of incidents, many of which, taken alone, might have passed without result, led up to a shameful catastrophe. There had been already excitement and noise enough, as each succeeding Thursday brought the hour for closure of the sections of the Home-Rule Bill appointed for settlement within the week. This was to be the final evening in committee. A few minutes before the hour, Mr. Balfour pulled down one of his own supporters who was speaking, so that Mr. Chamberlain might have an opportunity of being the victim upon whom the closure guillotine should fall. He was even more than usual coolly exasperating and insulting in his language. He spoke of Mr. Gladstone's voice being to his followers the voice of a god, and then compared him to Herod. The Irish, ready enough to thwart Mr. Chamberlain under ordinary circumstances, determined he should be heard no further, and, more wantonly than ever, by shouts of "Judas, Judas!" they indulged in the interruptions by which they have unhappily distinguished themselves, and which the good sense of their leaders apparently cannot restrain. A call to order of a Conservative member failed to reach the Chairman's ear. He completely lost control of the House, which, instead of passing out of the division lobbies on the closure being put, surged up the floor and on the benches. The approach of a Liberal to the Conservative position was construed into a meditated assault, and an attempt was made to repulse him. The approach of an Irish member to mediate was construed in like manner. He was barred by an Ulster Conservative and blows were exchanged.

This scene, and many of the difficulties of the past months, have been due to the choice of an amiable and conscientious but singularly inefficient Chairman of Committees. The moment the Speaker, sent for in hot haste, appeared, an entire cessation of hostilities, a complete lull, an almost painful stillness, supervened. Affairs were temporarily patched up, a sitting

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was allowed to pass, and on Monday mutual explanations and apologies were heard, and desires expressed that the incident should, as far as possible, be forgotten. The Irish, whom a large section of the British public had at first endeavored to make the scapegoats, were quite sufficiently cleared; indeed, it would have been more graceful, and even more politic, if their leader, in the few words which in the course of the explanations he so felicitously uttered, had admitted that some of his followers, although not originators of the game, had without doubt used their hands "in the scene which ensued." Deplorable as was the occurrence, inevitable perhaps as some such crisis was, it will not have been altogether regrettable if it has impressed upon the House the necessity of more measured language and greater self-control.

The Speaker's ability, tact, and governing power were never more conspicuously shown than upon this occasion. Much of his influence is due to his splendid voice. Its clarion-like, sonorous swell calls to mind Bulwer Lytton's description of O'Connell's. A man should be very certain of being in the right who would not cower under it in reproof. Yet it is often attuned to tones of the deepest feeling. The splendor of the position of Speaker of the British House of Commons is perhaps not generally realized. The appointment, nominally for the duration of but one Parliament, generally extends over several. The present occupant of the chair, the Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, the youngest son of the great statesman, is the eighth who has held the office within the present century. Chosen from among the members, subject to the approval of the Crown, the Speaker can be removed only upon an address to the Crown. Besides a palatial residence occupying one wing of the Houses of Parliament, and large patronage, he receives a salary of £5,000 a year. At the end of his labors he is rewarded with a peerage and a pension of £4,000 per annum for two lives. He is a member of the Privy Council, and the first gentleman in the United Kingdom, taking rank after barons. His duties, under ordinary circumstances, extending over only portions of five days of the week for half the year, although apparently light, demand for their proper performance the exercise of trained abilities of the highest order, an unfailing memory, keen eyesight, and a quick ear. The wig and gown which he wears, the state and ceremony with which he is surrounded, doubtless contribute to the isolation and impressiveness of his position.

The profound respect voluntarily and by custom accorded him rest, doubtless, upon those perhaps illogical traits in the British character which have contributed to the continuity and steadiness of British institutions. When, at the opening of proceedings, he makes his way in state from his residence to the Chamber, through the corridors used by members for passing to the committee, library, and refreshment rooms, it is against etiquette for any one to be found therein. When on summer evenings he and his family take the air upon the portion of the terrace which is outside his residence, there is no more thought of approaching them than there would be if he were a Grand Lama. When in the chair, he can be approached only upon strictly business matters. His levees, held twice a year and open to all members, can be attended only in court costume, sword by the side.* The invitations to his state dinners, distributed among men of all parties, are extended only to those who have attended these gatherings. The Irish members and the increasing number of Radicals who will not don court dress are consequently shut out from personal intercourse with him.

Nor are the recollections of their bitter history, and of bitter struggles in the House, sufficiently faded, nor are the hopes of complete amalgamation in feeling through the accord of home rule sufficiently clear, to allow of the former indulging in the same amenities as other members on entering and leaving the chamber. It is not in the power of the present Speaker always to rise above political prejudices; he is perhaps as fair as can be expected under all the circumstances. Those who make immediate and unhesitating submission receive more allowance than those who strive to withstand his decisions. He is a punctilious stickler for the dignity of his office, and is believed to have much resented an appeal recently put forward by Radical members for the simplification of dress at his receptions. The importance and responsibility of the office have of late years been vastly increased. It now rests with the Speaker, as with the Chairman of Committees, to accept or refuse motions for closure. The Speaker can suspend members for the remainder of a sitting. Disrespect to his rulings, punishment for which up to 1882 was merely nominal, may now be visited by suspension for one, two, or even four weeks. Had he been in the chair at ten o'clock on Thursday, the House would not have been disgraced by the scene which then occurred. D. B.

* It shows how completely Quakerism has altered from its former standards that many members of the Society of Friends attend so attired and girded.

SOCIALIST POLITICS AND PLEASURE IN BERLIN.

LEIPZIG, July 27, 1893.

ALTHOUGH these are the dog-days in Berlin, as in our own great cities, and although the elections to the new Reichstag belong already to the category of the past, there is no cessation on the part of the more popular parties (Social Democrats and Anti-Semites) to the political activity displayed during the campaign. The Anti-Semites, having only lately become a "people's party" through their repudiation of Stöcker and his conservative contingent of Jew-baiters, have still to reorganize and consolidate, besides squaring accounts with their former allies. For the Social Democrats no such necessity exists, but it is a matter of principle with them that no halt shall be called in the propaganda. During the week and more that I passed in Berlin, every evening had its meetings, usually as many as half-a-dozen, held in different quarters of the town, and generally well attended.

These meetings are invariably presided over by two members of the police force, who smoke their cigars, stare stupidly at the crowd, and affect to take notes of the speeches delivered. Often it chanced that the assembly had nothing more startling to talk about than the result of the recent election; they seemed never to weary of being told over again what all knew within a day or two of the vote. At all of these meetings a *Referent*, or chief speaker, is announced through the party organ in advance; he presents the subject selected for the evening's discussion, a debate follows, and the transaction of such business as may require attention concludes the exercises. It is uncommon for the *Referent* to stint himself as to time, and as the number of debaters, who announce themselves by means of cards bearing their names and addresses during the course of his remarks, is usually large, it follows that the meetings are frequently prolonged until the early morning hours, and seldom or never reach their conclusion before midnight. Yet, although the greater number of persons present will go to their work at six o'clock the following morning, it is uncommon for any considerable number to leave before the end. Indeed, motions to conclude the debate, to limit the remaining speakers to five minutes each, etc., are almost invariably voted down. To see people apparently so much in earnest is in itself a pleasure, and this impression is deepened by the quiet, grave manner in which the German expresses his approval of the opinion advanced. Instead of vociferous applause (which, however, comes too in its place), he punctuates the speaker's periods with the words: "Sehr richtig," "ganz richtig" ("Very true," "quite right"), delivered in low tones and with a strong accent on the first word.

As for the opinions themselves, they are usually the commonplace of Socialism, and do not demand consideration here. Now and then the fresh expression given to an old doctrine by some young workingman thrills one with the thought of what all this agitation is doing for the education of the masses. It is not necessary to be a Socialist to see that what tends to make the people think for themselves, to awaken them to consciousness, has an educational value, and, so far at least, is in itself a good. Socialism reaches the people in Germany (as the close upon 1,800,000 votes cast in the last election prove to us), and education, by which alone society advances, spreads unconsciously in the trail of such a movement.

Before taking leave of such a meeting, it is worth remarking that there are women present. This is, in the meetings of the other political parties in Germany, never the case. Their presence may be, and has been, used by the police as a pretext for adjourning the meeting. A short time ago some spiteful police officers availed themselves of this idiotic and shameful regulation, but the storm that was raised about their ears will not lead them quickly to renew the attempt. At a large meeting of some two thousand people held quite lately, not only were women present in large numbers, but three or four took part in the debate, and one was subsequently elected a delegate to the international Socialist Congress at Zürich. In beginning a speech the customary form of address is "Genossen und Genossinnen"; the male and female forms of the word meaning "comrades," somewhat resembling the French "citoyens" and "citoyennes," though corresponding more closely to the French "compagnons." How revolutionary this public recognition of woman in politics seems in Germany, one must have been there to know.

But there is another, non-political, side to the present social-democratic movement in Germany which has not yet received in the press the attention it deserves, and it was of this that I proposed to write in beginning this letter. For about three years now there has existed in Berlin a society calling itself the Freie Volksbühne (People's Free Theatre), composed of workingmen and women who have had for their aim the development in themselves and in their class of a taste for literature, poetry, and art—all that æsthetic side of a man's nature for which so little opportunity has been left under the crushing exigencies of modern industrial life; and, secondly, perhaps the bringing to the light (or only to the footlights) some of those plays written by their brethren of the so-called "literary proletariat" embody-

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ing the newer socialistic ideas. In this latter respect the success, I believe, has not been brilliant; one or two such dramas have been produced, but the members are willing to admit that the kind of play they seek is not yet to be had, and they have been obliged to fall back upon the classics of all time. Performances during the season (which lasts until the middle of July) are given on Sunday afternoons, and are open only to subscribers. It costs, however, only thirteen cents to become a subscriber, with twelve cents more for initiation fee; and the payment of this small sum entitles the subscriber to entrance to all the performances. Once inside the theatre, the distribution of the seats is secured by lot, so that all have an equal chance of occupying the boxes and front orchestra chairs, and invidious distinction is avoided.

It was not my good fortune to attend one of these performances in Berlin, but I was able to be present at the festival and country party in commemoration of the third anniversary of the society's founding, held at Schloss Schönholz, near Pankow, a suburb of Berlin. For this a long programme, containing some interesting features, had been prepared. The exercises began at seven o'clock in the morning (Sunday) with a concert in the wood. Schönholz is one of a hundred recognized places of popular resort in the immediate neighborhood of Berlin, and is justified of its name by the pretty pine and birch woods with which it is surrounded. The musicians upon this occasion, instead of belonging to a military band, were all civilians; even in their hour of relaxation the Social-Democrats would not seem to encourage the military, against which, they fully recognize, the primary fight in Germany is to be directed. Everywhere entwined among the branches of the trees were the red flags of the Socialistic Republic. People began coming early in the morning, and the crowd steadily increased until evening, when there must have been several thousand present. Three bowling-alleys were kept constantly in use, besides all the other popular amusements, carrousels, lung-testers, ring-tossing, etc., which one can see at Coney Island or elsewhere. In the afternoon there were games for men, women, and children; masked races, in which the men ran blindfold, causing general merriment when they stumbled and fell or ran deliberately into the crowd; egg races, where each must run carrying an egg in a spoon which must be held out in front of him; and private parties of puss-in-the-corner under the trees. Besides the physical enjoyments of racing, dancing, beer-drinking, etc., the Committee had made provision for the intellectual entertainment of the people with a *Festspiel*, a kind of allegorical drama, and with a rough scenic representation of the *Zukunftstadt*, or City of the Future, as it is pictured in a satirical brochure written by Eugen Richter, the radical leader, which recently created a mild sensation in Germany.

A single street of the new city is represented by means of some bits of outworn theatre scenery, and the different houses are labelled with the names of the institutions that are supposed to have survived. Among these are a theatre, a museum (containing instruments of culture in use during the nineteenth century, viz., guns, swords, pitchforks, and other similar weapons), a Home for Young Ladies belonging to the Upper Classes, and a prison (both empty), and a Stock Exchange (utilized by the community as a bath and wash-house). The boot-blacking establishment of "Comrade" Richter, who wrote that in the absence of servants members of the Reichstag would have to neglect the public service in order to attend to the blacking of their own boots, is represented, and the dropping of a ten-pfennig piece in a slot causes a mysterious hand, armed with a blacking-brush, to emerge ready for business. Ahlwardt, the ridiculous *Judenfresser* (Jew-devourer), is represented in person by a "comrade" who somewhat resembles him; and his activity, to judge from his remarks, seems to be unabated in the city of the future. The sale of "sausages of the future," "cigars of the future," and even "schnapps of the future" is permitted in the streets of the new city.

The name of the *Festspiel* which is played every half-hour in the great hall of the "Schloss" is "Empor zum Licht" ("Upward towards the Light"), and it sets forth the struggle of a young man (the people, *i. e.*, the working classes) to escape from the counsels of Egoism (the doctrine of modern political economy) and Care, and to follow the beckonings of Truth, Love, and the Muses, who stand ready to help him on his way. In Paul Carlow, the actor who plays the part of the hero, the People's Free Theatre has a young man who, in beauty of figure and nobility of face, is a worthy representative of humanity personified.

Before the day is over, the inevitable lottery is held, for which chances are sold at five cents apiece. The prizes are displayed in a booth to the public gaze: there are portraits of the Socialist leaders Marx, Lassalle, Bakunin, etc., but most of the prizes are the books, in cheap editions, of Schiller, Shakspere, Byron, Heine, Ibsen, Darwin, Dickens, Zola, Tolstoi, Dostoyevsky, etc., an effort having been made, as you can see, to be international.

Such a festivity as the one I have tried, in a few words, to describe, may be accepted as typical of the non-political activity that exists as an adjunct of the Socialist movement in Berlin. Its influence is assuredly great, for it tends to bring the amusements of the people into direct relations with their political aims and ideas. It is difficult to believe that any result tending to effect a unification in the conception of life is in itself an evil.

J. K. P.

Correspondence.

GO STRAIGHT QUICKLY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We all know that when a man who must cross a yawning abyss feels dizzy, his best chance is to fix his eyes on some firm thing on the other side and go straight towards it quickly. Most of us common men, in the present confusion of business affairs, feel dizzy, and we cannot therefore safely gaze over the precipice, as Mr. Bland courageously urges us to do. Because silver has fallen and lies dead, it surely is not our duty to die with it.

Ever since we were born, the silver to be coined by the United States has been bought as merchandise, first at a premium in gold and then at a discount. For more than fifty years gold has been in fact our only measure of values. Even during the terrible confusion of war and of panics, the people of the United States have kept the gold standard clearly in sight, and always found safety by doing so.

No man, unless he has lost his head, can really think that a great nation which has passed through the experiences of war and of the panics of 1857 and 1873 without changing from the gold standard, will now, at the dictation of silver-miners, adopt another standard, in defiance of the expert opinion of the whole world.

To put off final action on this silver business any longer, while everybody is suffering, is, if honestly done, a frightful blunder, and if done for personal or party gain, a crime. Our only chance now lies in fixing our eyes steadily on the gold standard, and in urging Congress to let us go towards it quickly. The President has done his part well, and the House of Representatives has promised speedy action. We now have a right to demand that the Senate also shall help us to save ourselves by going straight quickly. H. C.

Cambridge, August 14, 1893.

CHEAP MONEY IN ITALY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I am neither a financier nor an economist, but a plain man; but my experience here has provided me with an illustration of the doctrine, persistently preached by the *Nation*, that cheap money drives out dear, and that a silver standard would drive all the gold out of the country. Here paper money is at a discount, and there is no gold and hardly any silver, even as small change. Twice to-day, after selecting what I wished to buy, I have left a shop without completing my purchase, because the shopkeeper could not or would not give me the change for a five-lire note! As yet I seem to be making money, getting 7 or 8 per cent. discount in my favor when I draw on my letter of credit, but how is it with the natives, and how long will it be before prices go up in proportion?

When one asks the reason for the state of things here, the answer is that it is all the fault of the speculators, who have been wicked enough to make a penny by shipping silver to France. Verily, "popular political economy" is everywhere the same. Casey.

Venice, August 2, 1893.

OUR CONSUL AT CHRISTIANIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of "L. W. H.," published in the *Nation* of August 3, came under my observation only to-day. If not too late, I should like to add my own experience to the statement of the writer, that Mr. Gade is ever ready to extend to Americans of every degree kind hospitality.

Some years ago, while travelling abroad for purposes of visiting the universities and other scientific institutions of the north of Europe, my steps were directed to Norway. During the sea journey one of the ship's officers spoke in warmest praise of Mr. Gade, and assured me of the Consul's readiness to give information, or assist in any way desired those of our countrymen who applied. I had not anticipated that the Consul's hospitality would extend beyond a pleasant talk at his office, but this was not the end; later, I received an invitation for myself and maid to spend the afternoon at his country-seat, a few miles out of Christiania. Those hours passed in the society of himself, wife, family, and a few of their Norwegian friends remain in my memory as one of the pleasantest of my Norwegian experiences.

I remember an incident that occurred which showed his disinterestedness and kind heart. A lady, stranger to Mr. Gade, had written from the States asking him to purchase for her a particular kind of silver object not to be had outside of Norway. His prompt efforts to exe-

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cute the commission impressed me then as showing that Mr. Gade, beyond the customary office duties of his position, willingly and conscientiously devoted his time to serve, even in details, the best interests of our country.

I trust with "L. W. H.," if the newspaper paragraph has not been proved an error, that there may still be time to bring this matter before the Department of State for reconsideration. I am sure there are other women who could unite with me in thanking Mr. Gade for kindness received at his hands. For myself and them, I express regrets for this summary dismissal. HELEN ABBOTT MICHAEL.

PHILADELPHIA, August 9, 1893.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Allow me to add my testimony to that of "L. W. H.," under date of July 23, published in your issue of August 3, 1893, as to the peculiar fitness of Mr. Gade for the position of United States Consul at Christiania, in Norway. During a residence of several years on the Continent, I came in frequent contact, official and social, with our consular officers in various cities of the different European States. Nowhere did I meet a consul so prompt and efficient in the discharge of his official duties, nor so ready and willing to devote himself and his time to the furtherance of the comfort and pleasure of visiting Americans. Of an eminent social position among his countrymen, noted for his distinguished courtesy and hospitality, and married to one of our most charming countrywomen, Mr. Gade has made a personal friend of every American who has had the good fortune to meet him. The income from the office is small, the official dignity valuable only to a resident of Christiania, and no American sent over there can begin to fill the office of Consul so thoroughly to the credit of our Government and so acceptably to visiting Americans as does Mr. Gade. He should not be removed.—Respectfully,

EDWARD W. TAYLOR.

KANSAS CITY, MO., August 11, 1893.

EARLY PROFESSORSHIPS IN MEDICINE AND LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 27 Prof. Lyon G. Tyler of William and Mary College speaks of the professorships of Medicine and Law established in that college in 1779 by Jefferson, as the first of their kind in America. In Prof. Thorpe's 'Franklin and the University of Pennsylvania,' issued recently by the Bureau of Education from the Government Printing-office at Washington, in the chapter on the Medical Department by Prof. H. C. Wood, at p. 273, it is stated that Dr. John Morgan was elected in May, 1765, "to the first medical professorship in America, namely, the chair of the Theory and Practice of Physic," and "the following September Dr. Shippen was elected Professor of Anatomy and Surgery." These were in the College of Philadelphia, which subsequently became the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Cadwalader gave courses of lectures on anatomy in Philadelphia in 1751, and Dr. William Shippen, jr., in 1762, so that the Medical School really dates back to the former year. In 1768 Dr. Adam Kuhn was made Professor of Materia Medica and Botany, and in June of that year the College of Philadelphia conferred the degree of Bachelor of Medicine on ten candidates, the first of some ten or eleven thousand doctors who have since then been sent into practice from the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania. In 1769 Dr. Benjamin Rush was added to the Faculty of the Medical School as Professor of Chemistry. In 1779, when the chair of Medicine was established at William and Mary by Jefferson, the charter of the College of Philadelphia was abrogated, on the score of the disaffection of some of its trustees to the new Government, and its property was transferred to a new institution chartered under the name of the University of the State of Pennsylvania. Can any of your readers, by the way, point to any American instance of an earlier use of the title "University" than that of 1779 in Pennsylvania? In 1789 the Legislature repealed the act of 1779 depriving the College of Philadelphia of its charter, thus permitting it to be revived, but in 1791 the two institutions were united under a new charter creating the University of Pennsylvania.

In 1790 Mr. Justice Wilson was elected Professor of Law in the college department, and delivered his introductory lecture in the presence of President Washington and the other chief representatives of the Federal and State and city Governments. A reference to Prof. Thorpe's volume will show that English and modern languages, French, Spanish, and especially German, so largely spoken in Pennsylvania, were included in the broad plan suggested by Franklin in his first scheme in 1749 and elaborated by Dr. (later Provost) Smith in his plan of a college in 1753. J. G. R.

BAR HARBOR, ME., August 12, 1893.

THE COMPETITION FOR THE *PRIX DE ROME.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The strong interest that is felt in the United States in matters pertaining to art—an interest that has received new impulses during the last eighteen months—makes it possible that some of your readers may like to hear of the last result attained in painting in this country under the influence of academical training and Government patronage.

The works of the competitors for this year in painting for the *Grand Prix de Rome* have just been put on exhibition, and it is of these that I speak. The subject given for representation this year—for the competitors do not choose their own subject—was Samson grinding the corn of the Philistines; and one would think that with such a prize as four years in Rome to strive for, and such suggestions as the words "and he did grind in the prison-house" might give them, the competitors would be inspired to their utmost, and would display at least some power, however little, of conception and execution. The first feeling one has, however, on inspection of the works of the ten competitors, is of the poverty of ideas displayed in them. That the story of Samson at work in the prison should suggest to no one of the competitors anything more than a clumsy prize-fighter, straining at the millstone, while a crowd of brutal-looking enemies maltreat him and jeer at him, is surprising. No one of them has recognized the poetic capacity of the story. In not a single case is Samson more than a somewhat brutal athlete, or the Philistines other than coarse, low people. Every one of the pictures seems to be an attempt to catch the attention of the public by means of cheap mental stimulant, and to deceive the untrained eye by the false semblance of non-existent power. To the untrained eye lurid color and quick, sketchy execution give more pleasure, because they are more easily understood, than the color that is quiet, and the finished, though oftentimes hasty, execution of a master. The technique of these paintings gives the impression that the artists have taken one of Rembrandt's roughest and most incomplete sketches for their model, but, having none of the Dutch painter's unerring instinct for putting his simple strokes where they ought to be, have trusted largely to luck in the laying on of the paint, with the result that those parts of the work where the form is intended to be merely suggested are little more than masses of blur. Examples of this can be found in the hair of many of the figures, as in M. Trigoulet's Samson, where it is more like pieces of felt than hair, or in that of the same figure in M. Thierot's work, where it resembles small bits of tape. The faint and shapeless feet of the Samson of M. Maxence are absolutely incapable of performing the work assigned to them.

Carelessness of execution might be overlooked were there any beauty suggested, but instead of beauty one finds composition that is commonplace, color that is either muddy or, as I have said before, lurid, and, worst of all, faces and figures that are of a low type. If the Philistines had faces similar to Michelangelo's caricatures, as M. Rouault seems to think, still, why draw them as deformities and their children as abortions? The effects of hazy light that M. Foreau shows are clever in the extreme, and the dogs with which the chained prisoner is baited are well drawn, but the hideousness of every figure, their diseased-looking skins, and Samson's bloody eyes make a whole that is revolting. Again, in M. Mitrecy's work, combined with slightly more care in painting, one sees similar ugliness reproduced in figures that look like yelling idiots or human devils. Like M. Foreau, M. Laru is clever in his rendering of light, but chooses models almost as ugly as the worst.

Glaring realism and attempted dash seem to be the order of the day, and the realism is of the kind to please the uneducated. Not one of these men has sought to represent the elements of beauty or splendor that are to be found in the tale, or to make the beholder of his work conceive the significance of the story more truly than he had before done, but, instead, the painter has satisfied himself with showing such things as bleeding eye-sockets or hair dripping with sweat, which require no imagination to conceive or represent. If this is the best result of the teaching young men receive now in the Paris schools, the prospect of the art of painting in France is not brilliant.

R. N.

PARIS, July 24, 1893.

Notes.

AMID the unfailing supply of reprints, Scott and Shakspere again come to the front. 'The Monastery' is the tenth volume in the Dryburgh edition of the Messrs. Black (New York: Macmillan), and as to its illustrations—each volume's being by a new hand—can hardly be ranked above that number. In the International Limited Edition (Boston: Estes & Lauriat; New York: Bryan, Taylor & Co.) Vols. 13 and 14 are 'The Legend of Montrose,' and Vol. 15 comprises 'The Bride of Lammermoor' and 'The Black Dwarf.' Here, too, the etchings are not remarkable in the series, and it is somewhat misleading to speak of two copies of steel engravings as photo-etchings "from painting," as if at first hand. From the Messrs. Putnam we have the second group in the pocket Ariel

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edition with its separate volume bound in leatherette for each play. This group embraces seven of the histories, viz., "King John," "Richard II.," "Henry IV." (first and second parts), "Henry V.," "Richard III.," and "Henry VIII." The typography will injure no eyesight, and this is not the least recommendation of a series that has found a ready welcome.

"The Last Slave Ship," which is one of the four 'Stories of the Sea' in the new volume of "Stories from *Scribner*," is a really valuable contribution to the history of a now universally infamous traffic. As if to satirize a pseudo-philanthropical act, the ship in question cleared from New Orleans on its kidnapping errand by the lucky facility offered it as conveyer to Liberia of John McDonogh's freedmen, whose liberty was conditioned on their expatriation. It went hard with the slavers not to put into Cuba on the way and sell the Christianized product of American slavery—thus clearing a profit at both ends of the voyage.

A personal note is sounded in 'Other Essays from the Easy Chair, by George William Curtis' (Harpers), through such a sketch as "Bryant's Country" and such obituary appreciations as those of Emerson, Beecher, Sherman, and Francis George Shaw. The portrait of Emerson is particularly just and felicitous. Other Easy Chair Essays of the familiar type are "The New Year," "The Morality of Dancing," "The Hog Family," "Decayed Gentility," "The American Girl," "Statues in Central Park," and a dash of politics, as "Tweed" and "National Nominating Convention." A pleasing likeness of Mr. Curtis forms a frontispiece.

"Mr. Gladstone had in the previous year [1860] exhausted his peculiar faculty of devising obnoxious reasons for questionable measures." "The separation of the United States into two independent Republics will make the first year of the decade conspicuous in the annals of the century." These extracts from the 1861 chapter in 'Annual Summaries, Reprinted from the *Times*' (2 vols., Macmillan), show what we must look for in the Thunderer's review of the period 1851–1875, 1876–1892: nothing dispassionate, and not the perspective of history. Nevertheless there is a certain convenience in having such annals close at hand, and of course the *Times's* own political meanderings are reflected in its yearly comments on the wisdom of rulers and the fate of peoples.

The 'Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century,' by Agnes M. Clarke, has reached a third edition (Macmillan), and bears evidence of unremitting and very intelligent study of the subject since the first edition of 1886, to which we gave a hearty welcome. It is a plump volume of nearly 600 pages, illustrated and indexed, provided with copious references to authorities, and brought down to date.

We observe that Mayor Matthews, whom some think Boston's greatest Mayor since the elder Quincy, did not approve within the legal limit—and hence did not defeat—the order of the Common Council for the printing a sixth edition (1,500 copies) of the Old State-House Memorial. We infer, therefore, that if he thought the expenditure doubtfully prudent, he was not averse to a still larger circulation of one of the best of the best sort of municipal documents. In fact, even a rescued historical monument needs, in this age and country, to be still defended, and the citizens of Boston cannot too widely be informed of the treasure they possess in the Old State-House. The new edition, like the old, is beautifully printed, and contains two more cuts, besides a profile likeness of the present City Registrar, Mr. W. H. Whitmore, whose historical address was the main feature in the rededication proceedings of July 11, 1882 (and so of this volume), and to whom more than any one else the city is indebted for the restoration of the ancient seat of the State Legislature, the city government, and the Federal postal service.

A little group of book-lovers in Cleveland founded the Rowfant Club a few months ago, modelling themselves on the Grolier Club of this city and calling themselves after the library of Mr. Frederick Locker-Lampson. Although the name they chose is British, the first book they issue is American. It is the 'Culprit Fay, and Other Poems,' by Joseph Rodman Drake; and it is printed at the University Press very like in style to Mr. Francis Wilson's privately published translation of Horace by Mr. Eugene Field. The book needed editing. An introduction and a few notes would have doubled its value; and for these last the Bradford Club's reprint of 'The Croakers' could have been drawn upon.

'Elementary Geography of the British Colonies,' by George M. Dawson and Alexander Sutherland, in Macmillan's Geographical Series, can be recommended to any one who feels the need of a handbook of this kind. It is well enough written, and may be of service in teaching. The paper and print are good, the illustrations are cheap; there are no maps. It is a mistake to say (p. 189) that the language of the Maltese is a "kind of corrupt Italian." It is rather Arabic corrupted by Italian.

MM. Édouard Noël and Edmund Stoullig have at last published the eighteenth volume of their 'Annales du Théâtre et de la Musique,' the most solid and spacious of all theatrical annuals. To this record of the French drama and music during 1892 M. Jules Lemaître contributes a preface on "Le Mysticisme au Théâtre," in which he shows that the recent revival of religion in Parisian play-houses is but a passing manifestation of an abiding literary epicureanism.

At last the great edition of Molière in the sumptuous and conscientious series of "Grands Écrivains de la France" (Paris: Hachette; New York: F. W. Christern) draws to its conclusion. Begun twenty years ago with the late Eugène Despois as its editor, and continued by M. Paul Mesnard, this edition will be complete in thirteen volumes, of which nine devoted to the text and one to the biography had appeared in 1889. Now we have an appendix to vol. x., and also a vol. xi., containing the bibliography, far fuller than that published sixteen years ago by the late Paul Lacroix, being enriched with all the suggestions gathered by the monthly *Molièriste* during its ten years' existence. The twelfth and thirteenth volumes, containing the lexicon, are in preparation; and so is an album of portraits, views, music, etc., like those which accompany the splendid editions of Corneille and Racine in the same series.

Of the two first volumes of Prof. D'Ancona's 'Manuale della Letteratura Italiana' (Florence: Barbèra) we have already spoken with approbation. The third, a stout octavo of nearly 750 pages, beginning with Tasso and ending with the close of the seventeenth century, is no less praiseworthy than its predecessors, and may be relied on not only for a wide selection of representative passages from a large number of authors, but for a great deal of important historical and critical comment.

F. T. Perrens, well known as the historian of Florence, is the author of a new volume in the "Bibliothèque d'Histoire Illustrée," entitled 'La Civilisation florentine du XIII^e^ au XVI^e^ siècle' (Paris: Quantin). The style is sprightly and the aim of the book confessedly that of a popular presentation of the subject; but this does not prevent the writer's sound scholarship from being everywhere apparent. The illustrations are numerous, well chosen, and, as a rule, good, and the work altogether deserves the attention of any one who wishes to fix clearly in his mind, without much research, the great debt that civilization owes to Florence.

The *Revue Hebdomadaire* of Plon is now printing a French translation of the over-rated and bogus 'Englishman in Paris.' In the number of this otherwise excellent weekly for July 15, M. Paul Bourget has an interesting paper on his friend the late Guy de Maupassant.

If, as Englishmen remark, we Americans have a habit of confining the term Congressmen to members of the lower house, "Member of Parliament" has the same restriction in England, and the usage dates, according to Mr. S. R. Gardiner's observation, from June 27, 1650, when this reference to the House of Commons appears first in the order-book of the Council of State. Mr. Gardiner's note is to be found in the current number of the *Historical Review*.

Westermann & Co. send us the first part of the first division of the Spruner-Sieglin Atlas of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern History. This enterprise is a revision and extension of Spruner by Dr. Wilhelm Sieglin, and the portion devoted to antiquity is wholly the work of the latter scholar, for it is wanting in the Spruner-Menke edition of 1880. It alone contains 34 sheets, divided among two or more maps. There are five such sheets in Part i., relating to Egypt, Palestine from David to Hadrian, the Persian Empire in the time of Darius, Italy after the Second Punic War, and Britannia and Hibernia. The Egyptian sheet has no fewer than ten maps, the Palestinian eight, the Italian five, the Britannic six (including the Roman walls of Hadrian and Antonine). The cartography of these early periods is of course plain and open. In the middle era there will be something to say by way of comparison with previous editions of Spruner.

We have also received from Westermann the eleventh part of Vogel's Maps of the German Empire, with the Cologne and Augsburg sheets—the latter showing not a little of Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol; and the third and fourth parts of Langhans's German Colonial Atlas, showing the variegated sphere of the New Guinea Co. and the Marshall Islands protectorate.

The Atlas illustrating the official records of the civil war has reached the fifteenth and sixteenth parts, and keeps up the high quality in cartography which has marked the work throughout. As heretofore, the Board of Publication, of which Major Davis is Chairman, have reproduced all the topographical sketches which accompanied field reports, making it their good rule to save all authentic contemporary maps, since these are often essential to the comprehension of the reports, and show more clearly than any description could do the point of view and the understanding of the officer who made the written statement. Many of these sketches are small, and a large number are frequently united on one sheet, yet there is no undue crowding or lack of clearness. The general maps are, of course, of larger size, and can hardly be excelled in beauty of drawing and coloring. In the numbers before us some of the greatest movements and engagements of the war are

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depicted, particularly those at the winding-up—the Twentieth Army Corps's march from Atlanta to Savannah and Goldsborough, Howard's winter campaign in the Carolinas, Hood's defeat before Nashville, the battle of Franklin, Sheridan's campaign in Central Virginia, the Army of the Potomac's advance to Appomattox, the battle of Dinwiddie Court-house, the Petersburg mine. Of earlier date are the maps of Pittsburg and Corinth, of Gettysburg, of Fort Fisher (as captured by Gen. Terry), etc.

—That the home field of Washington story is unworked and rich in possibilities is again proved by President Lyon G. Tyler, who publishes in the *William and Mary Quarterly* some interesting and novel facts about John Washington, the immigrant. This worthy has lain under a serious charge—of cruelty and treachery—in connection with his campaign against the Susquehannocks. Five of the Indians were murdered in cold blood, and in a way that called out the reprobation even of Gov. Berkeley. The records of Westmoreland go far towards exonerating Washington of all blame in this matter, and leaving the commander of the Maryland force, Maj. Trueman, the real culprit. Washington is even represented as being properly shocked at the atrocious deed. One more incident in his life is displayed. When he had fled from his plantation in the time of Bacon's rebellion, his servants were prohibited by the insurgents from sending stock or produce into Maryland. The tables were soon turned. Stephen Mannering, who issued the warrant, on bended knee "heartily and unfeignedly" confessed his acts in the "late horrid rebellion"; and one White, who undertook to execute the warrant, was caught in a suit with Washington, driven to the wall, and most abjectly pleaded for mercy. On the whole, the more we know of this ancestor, the better is his position in the colony. In the same issue Mr. Brock speaks of a portrait of Gen. Washington by Alexander Campbell as a fact. We have always understood the Campbell portrait to be fictitious. Certainly no one who has seen the Campbell engravings can trace any resemblance to Washington, and the General himself made fun of one that was sent to him. If Mr. Brock has any authority for his statement he ought to give it.

—Apropos of the recent revival of interest in the Cock Lane ghost and the possible verity of its manifestations, it may be worth while to put on record certain events which took place in the early sixties at Fort Yukon, the outermost post of the Hudson Bay Company, in Alaska, north of the Arctic circle. At this lonely fort, half-a-dozen men from the northern isles of Scotland traded for furs under the command of Strachan Jones, post trader of the company. Once a year a party ascended the Rat River, and crossed to La Pierre's House, at the head of navigation on the Porcupine River, bringing a supply of trading goods, one sack of flour, and a little tea and sugar for the commander, with the mail of the past six months, and receiving in exchange the bales of furs which had been purchased during the previous twelve months. The bateaux from the fort then returned down stream with the goods. In midwinter a courier on snowshoes brought the half-yearly instructions from the chief factor at York factory. At other times the little community vegetated among the tundra, or was busied with the hunting and trade which supplied the business and subsistence of the post. About a year after Jones relieved his predecessor, strange rumors prevailed among the residents at the fort. Singular noises were heard during the still arctic night. Raps on the door were responded to, but, the door being opened, there was no one there. Utensils hung on the walls of the log huts in which the company's servants lived, fell down or were moved when nobody was near them. Jones had a house to himself, as commander, and around this house the uncanny doings seemed to concentrate. Jones himself preserved a dignified silence, or professed ignorance of anything out of the common. But in spite of this the noises and turmoil continued, and were experienced by every one at the post, even by visiting Indians.

—When spring came, the bateaux started, as usual, for La Pierre's house with the bales of furs, Jones commanding the party. At the nightly bivouac, to the astonishment of the voyageurs, the noises continued. The man who slept in the boat as a sort of guard reported that he heard raps and a curious scratching on the mast. Men who slept around the campfire ashore declared that they heard Jones talking in the night to some one who answered in a voice unknown to any of the party. On meeting the party from Fort Macpherson at the portage, the voyageurs naturally compared notes, and the doings of Jones's familiar were soon discussed by every camp-fire and at every trading-post throughout the Northwest Territory. A visitor at the fort in 1866 was assured of the reality of these manifestations, which remained without explanation, as Jones had retired from the post and carried his secret with him. The same visitor, while waiting the return of the officer then commanding, had the curiosity to look through a little library which, in the course of years, had accumulated in the commander's quarters. Among the worn novels and less dilapidated volumes of Scotch theology, of which the collection was made up, was a copy of Dr. Johnson's account of the extraordinary history of the Cock Lane ghost.

—The thirty-fifth volume of Sidney Lee's 'Dictionary of National Biography' ends with Maltby, and is filled with every variety of Mac, beginning with MacCarwell. An unusually large number of the persons commemorated had relations of some sort with the United States and British North America; such as Madog, the reputed Welsh discoverer of this continent; Sir Alexander Mackenzie, the explorer whose name is attached to the great affluent of the Arctic Ocean; Sir Robert McClure, who discovered the northwest passage; the Canadian Premiers Alexander Mackenzie and Sir John A. McDonald; D'Arcy McGee; Allan Napier MacNab, who cut the *Caroline* adrift and sent her afire over Niagara Falls; John Francis Maguire, who visited these shores in 1866, and who is recorded as having elicited from Mr. Gladstone the first declaration against the Irish establishment; and Charles Mackay, who came among us in 1857 as the apostle of the brotherhood of man, and again in 1862-'65 as the pro-Southern war correspondent of the London *Times*—his sympathies being concealed in the present notice. Few think of the Pretender's Flora Macdonald as having lived three years in this country (1773-'79); fewer still of "Ossian" Macpherson as having held a Government appointment in Florida under British occupancy in 1764. Further, we are reminded by the sketch of Rear-Admiral Maitland of the *Bellerophon* that Napoleon prayed to be taken to the United States rather than to England. Sir Henry Sumner Maine (a tutor at Cambridge, by the way, of the American Charles Astor Bristed) and Sir James Mackintosh have Mr. Leslie Stephen for their biographer, and there are few more eminent names in this volume, which embraces also the actors Macklin and Macready—the one the object of Garrick's jealousy, the other of Forrest's; the painter Maclise; Sir Morell Mackenzie; the contumacious Mackonochie; the inventive Charles Macintosh, whose waterproof fabric has made him immortal; "Rob Roy" MacGregor, the patron saint of the canoeist, and so forth.

—An unusually large number of woman students (17) appear in the list of the Oxford modern-history honors published on July 22. Two, Miss Ewart of Somerville and Miss Lees of Lady Margaret Hall, are placed in the first class, and the distinction is the greater because only three men out of more than 100 attain it. Six women take seconds; eight thirds. This list, with one candidate in each class of the final Science School, and two in each class in the School of Modern Languages, completes the honors record of the term; and it is on the whole a very satisfactory one. It is to be expected that, as the practice grows of giving daughters equally with sons the advantages of a university education, a larger number of women of average ability will offer themselves for examination, and that the proportion of high honors to the whole body of candidates will probably decrease; indeed, this tendency appears already to have affected the Oxford History School. The average in the Modern Language School has been remarkably high in both Oxford and Cambridge. In the latter university, where men as well as women entered for this examination, two women had the first class to themselves. This year no candidate came forward at Oxford to be examined in English language and literature. This is probably an accidental neglect of a study whose importance at Oxford has brought and is bringing many Americans under the direction of Profs. Napier and Wright. It will be useful for women intending to study at Oxford to know that the Association for the Education of Women will henceforward have official quarters on University premises in the Clarendon Building. We will add that the new statute affecting women students in Oxford to which we called attention some weeks ago, will come into operation for the next examinations. It provides that the name of the educational body to which a student belongs shall be appended to her name in the examiners' lists. It has been somewhat modified since its drafting, and now gives this privilege indiscriminately to all educational establishments whether in Oxford or elsewhere, so long as they are accepted by the delegacy which receives the candidates' names.

—News comes from Paris that Rudolphe Salis has sold the "Chat Noir," the paper which was its organ, the little theatre, and the whole company of tame poets and artists. This sale means the disappearance of a café, or cabaret, which, though of comparatively recent origin, had become one of the literary and artistic landmarks and centres of Paris, and, therefore, should not be passed over lightly in silence. Salis, in his way, was a genius, though it must be confessed a genius with a Yankee shrewdness where his own profit was concerned. The building, which, in time, came to be one of the stock sights of the capital, and the remarkably clever performances for which the hall on the second floor served as theatre, had their beginning in a little nightly reunion of

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young and aspiring (but unknown) poets and artists and journalists who met in an unpretending wine-shop, of which Salis was proprietor, in the Boulevard Rochechouart. There, the company—as is the fashion in all such companies—recited their own verses, sang their own songs, exhibited their own talents as draughtsmen. Among them were a few of genuine distinction. As a natural result, the place became known, the assembly grew ever greater in number and the performance more ambitious, until a move to larger quarters was necessary. From the Boulevard Rochechouart, poets and artists passed to the Rue Victor Massé, and established themselves in the house hanging out the sign of the Black Cat.

—Salis now organized matters on a sounder basis. A regular show—it can scarce be called by any other name—was given; this was duly advertised; a fair price of admission (five francs) was charged; the café was decorated and furnished in a style eccentric, but also in good taste, enough to draw. The Chat Noir developed into no mean rival of the *café chantant*. It deserved success. Salis and his poets drinking beer in the room decorated by Willette were, after all, worth looking at, and it was in the little theatre up stairs that Caran d'Ache's "Épopée," Dauphin's "Ste.-Geneviève," the irresistible "Phryné," were first seen; while the poets, now tamed, continued to recite their verses, the musicians to sing their songs. But the old genuineness, the old spontaneity, had gone for ever, just as it has departed already from the *Mirliton* of Achille Bruant, the fine singer of "Dans la Rue." The last step in the gradual downfall came last summer, when Salis took theatre and poets on a tour through the provinces. One felt then that the end was near. But if the Chat Noir at the last was but a money-making enterprise, it cannot soon be forgotten; it was in connection with it that their reputation was first made by Caran d'Ache, Willette, Steinlen, draughtsmen of unquestioned talent, who have had a wide and, on the whole, beneficial influence on the illustration of the day. And it was there, too, that poets of the standing of Jean Rameau and Paul Roux, Clément Privé and Georges d'Esparbès were first heard. To the credit of Salis must these facts be recorded. He has shown his cleverness not more in organizing the Chat Noir at the start than in disposing of it at the right moment. Its glory was fast going from it.

FINCK'S WAGNER.

Wagner and his Works: The Story of his Life, with Critical Comments. By Henry T. Finck. Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols., 8vo.

SURELY no other composer of the higher music, not even Sebastian Bach or Beethoven, has been brought before the world so conspicuously in literature as Richard Wagner. Biographically, analytically, critically, polemically, offensively, and defensively—in all these modes the number of the works pertaining to the man of Bayreuth is legion. There are many respectable libraries smaller in contents than the array of books and pamphlets, not to mention newspaper and magazine articles, that have been written for and against him. There has been recently concluded (1891) a catalogue of a "Richard Wagner Bibliothek," compiled in three bulky volumes of the sturdy German sort by Nicholas Oesterlein, containing no less than 9,462 distinct items. There might be added to this colossal catalogue enough pieces to carry the list well towards 12,000, the large majority published during Wagner's life. The casual reader may well ask the question whether there is anything left to say concerning this daring innovator who flashed in among the musical planets, with their regular orbits, like the most erratic of comets; and yet among these thousands of publications there has been scarcely a first-rate biography of Wagner until the appearance of the work whose title is given above.

Mr. Finck was well equipped for his task. No one is more familiar than he with the music and the writings of the genius he celebrates. No one has explored more industriously the entire field of biography, panegyric, and hostile criticism on which his Life of Wagner is based. His profound admiration for the composer is notorious; his pity, scorn, contempt for those who, early and late in Wagner's career, ranked among his opponents, are relentlessly exhibited in these volumes. It is true, as Mr. Finck says, that duty required him to record the contemporary failure to understand the new musical evangel, and to indicate how great a mass of unintelligence, jealousy, and malevolence thwarted the production of Wagner's works upon the stage and checked his creative energy, while fatally aggravating the struggle for mere existence. It must, however, be felt that the pillory is too often introduced, and the exposure too often accompanied with missiles. Time had sufficiently avenged itself on those whom Mr. Finck holds up with heat instead of a tranquil humor, and his excess in this direction is unfortunately calculated to make the impression of blind partisanship on the other side. But nothing could be more unjust to our author than such an impression. We have only to refer to his cardinal ground of difference with Wagner in the matter of 'Judaism in Music,' and the passage which we now cite proves that Mr. Finck's too constant belaboring of the anti-Wagnerites is an error of taste and perspective rather than of candor. Controverting the famous tract just named, Mr. Finck says (i., 333):

"The opposition to his [Wagner's] works had various sources, prominent among which were the inability of conductors and singers to interpret them correctly, and the slowness of hearers (especially critics) in assimilating not only new music but—what is much more difficult (and to some people impossible)—*music in a new form*. In regard to the *virulence* of the attacks on him, however, Wagner was partly right in his argument. He was attacked by the critics because he had criticised or attacked their favorites—especially Meyerbeer and Mendelssohn. But these composers were thus savagely defended and avenged because they were fashionable idols, and not because they were Jews; for among their fanatic worshippers there were more Christians than Jews."

Again, on a later page (369):

"He [Wagner] had composed three operas with a pen dipped into his heart-blood, and these were now being mutilated by conductors, misinterpreted by singers, misrepresented by critics, misunderstood by the public, while he, the exiled father, had to witness from a distance this prostitution of his noble offspring. . . . You might say, therefore, that the musical world was not to be blamed for not receiving these operas as we now think they ought to have been received—with open arms. True, we may absolve the public from blame, but we cannot absolve the musicians and the critics. It was their duty, on meeting with a new form of operatic art, to study, learn, investigate, before they misperformed and then condemned."

This is both temperate and rational and free from hero-worship.

Rare literary skill has been shown in handling the formidable amount of material available for this biography, in which there is hardly to be found a dull page. A strictly chronological progression was, if not out of the question, certainly extremely difficult. Mr. Finck has preferred an episodical treatment, and he would, in our opinion, have left nothing to be desired if he had provided at the end a table of dates, by which the memory would be assisted in retaining Wagner's several places of residence, and especially the interlacing periods of conception and composition of his masterpieces. The chapter titles in volume i. reveal the method adopted: A Theatrical Family; Richard Wagner's Childhood; The First Operas; Königsberg and Riga; First Visit to Paris; Rienzi in Dresden; The Flying Dutchman; Wagner as Royal Conductor; Tannhäuser in Dresden; Revolution—Artistic and Political; Lohengrin at Weimar; Literary Period; Welding the Nibelung's Ring; Was Wagner a Great Conductor? As each music-drama makes its appearance thoughout the narrative it is analyzed in an admirable manner, well fitted for standard reference, and this is not the least of the services to both amateurs and connoisseurs which Mr. Finck has rendered. Another, not so conspicuous, but involving far more labor, is the translation from original sources of a large quantity of interesting passages, along with, in the case of Wagner's own writings, pithy abstracts for which the reader of either nationality may be grateful—for Mr. Finck is a very discriminating critic of Wagner's prose style. His opinion of Wagner as a poet to be weighed in the same scale with dramatists like Shakspere, Goethe, and Schiller, seems overstrained, but could in the nature of things not readily be substantiated because of the impossibility of making an adequate translation. Still, one not a German can see that verse shortened or lengthened to suit the musical expression cannot give the pleasure afforded by the conventional poetic rhythms, all the more where archaisms or alliterations are purposely resorted to. And in fact Wagner might as well have objected to having his librettos read in and for themselves as much as he did to having his pieces performed in the concert-room. It is not a question of poetic quality, but of poetic rank, and if one concedes that Wagner's gift was sufficient for his need, both in conception and in expression, it will not, perhaps, be heretical to rate his musical gift a great deal, even immeasurably, above it.

The conjunction of the two is the marvel, and marvellous is the account of Wagner's rapid musical development after a non-precocious infancy, during which his inability to play the piano was taken as one sign of his incapacity to be a musician even of a very ordinary sort. The shortness of his studies when he had determined his career for himself is amazing, and in the very middle of his term of life we find that he has already laid out all that can be accomplished in the remainder. We cannot differ from Mr. Finck in thinking that Wagner had a just appreciation of his own powers, and that this fact relieves his dependence on others, on Liszt above all, of a degrading character. He found his true sphere in the music-drama. None of his concert compositions, early or late, says his present biographer, "quite equal the best parts of his music-dramas, with the exception of the 'Siegfried Idyl,' in which, however, the chief themes are borrowed from the *Siegfried* drama." His "Centennial March" of 1876 was "the weakest thing Wagner had written in forty years." Praise is accorded to his "charming settings" of certain French songs, with an exception in the case of Heine's "Two Grenadiers"; and of course to the Faust

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Overture. His overmastering preference prevented his being "a safe and infallible critic."

"He judged almost everything from the standpoint of the music-drama, and whatever is one-sided and exaggerated in his verdicts must be placed to this account. Some of the greatest and most original composers are, moreover, not mentioned at all in his writings, or only incidentally—for example, Chopin and Schubert, whom Rubinstein very properly classes among the five greatest masters the musical world has seen. . . . Here [in admiration for Schubert] Schumann and Liszt doubtless had a keener scent for genius than Wagner and Mendelssohn."

In another place (ii., 146), Mr. Finck writes, apropos of composers "who *create*, *i. e.*, provide new harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic *material*": "In this sense, the four greatest composers the world has ever seen are, in my opinion, Bach, Schubert, Chopin, and Wagner. And if we take single works to compare in point of originality and creativeness, the palm must, I am convinced, be given to *Tristan and Isolde*." This sentence is a measure at once of Mr. Finck's catholicity and of his extreme Wagnerism. We have already quoted evidence of his independence towards the Master, and if more is needed, his readers will find it in the second volume in the remarks on Wagner's change of mind and recantation as to choruses (pp. 233, 235), on the defects of the *Walküre* (p. 337), on the shortcomings of the hidden orchestra at Bayreuth (p. 287), on the "foolish libretto" of 1870 *à la* Offenbach (p. 254). Equally frank is the judgment on the metaphysical portion ("nebulous stuff") of the masterly treatise on Beethoven (p. 250). "In philosophy Wagner was almost as much an amateur as Schopenhauer was in music; and the disposition which is at present being shown by some fanatic admirers in Germany to worship him as a great philosopher is absurd" (p. 251). "Tedious," with "turgid, metaphysical phraseology," is the essay of 1868 on 'German Art and German Politics.' Mr. Finck speaks plainly also about Wagner's violation of the laws of health in eating and working, and makes light of his squint at vegetarianism in the essay on 'Religion and Art,' on the strength of which "some of the foolish Wagnerites, who took every utterance of the Meister as gospel law, started a vegetarian club at Bayreuth." The apology for Wagner's foibles for luxurious surroundings seems to us justified; as Mr. Finck points out, a genuine painter would never be blamed for the same thing, and Wagner too had a color-sense to cultivate. The separation from his wife, and his relations with Frau von Bülow ending in marriage, are treated leniently, but apparently without any suppression of the essential facts.

On the whole, we conclude that this painstaking biography will enhance the author's reputation as a maker of entertaining books, and, subject to the limitations set forth at the beginning of this notice, as a musical critic; and that it will do more to make the genius of Wagner comprehensible to the lay mind than any other work on the same subject ever written or perhaps likely to be written.

HALE'S NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.

A New England Boyhood. By Edward Everett Hale. Cassell. 1893.

Dr. Hale was born in 1822. His memoirs begin about 1826. In 1835, at the age of thirteen, he entered Harvard College, and duly graduated in 1839. He mentions only one or two incidents after the last date, and little about Boston after his entrance to college. Thus, the memories are those of a child, affording no insight into the ways and thoughts of men, nor even picturing in detail the external aspect of anything, but taken up with the all-important doings of the boy. The swinging signs before the old Boston auberges (if Dr. Hale won't let us call them inns) did attract his attention —"The Indian Queen" in Bromfield's Lane, "The Bunch of Grapes" in State Street, "The Lamb" in Washington Street; and he mentions that when the Tremont House was built, it seemed to the boys wonderful that there should be a "tahvern" with no sign before it and no stable behind it. While he was at the Latin School, between 1831 and 1835, the first omnibus appeared on the streets of Boston—a very long affair, drawn by four horses, and blessed with a name, the "Governor Brooks." Dr. Hale says "the first omnibus in the world was put on its work in Paris. It was called 'La Dame Blanche' from the White Lady of Scott's novel of 'The Monastery,' about the year 1821."

The old Latin School of this book stood on School Street (christened after it), opposite the little green just below King's Chapel. The boys began the study of Latin—boys nine years old—by learning the Latin Grammar by heart in English. Such stupidity seems almost incredible, at a time when Hoole's 'Visible World,' a translation of the instruction-book of Comenius, had gone through numberless editions in English. It was quite a different thing at an earlier date to make boys commit the Latin Grammar to memory *in Latin*. That taught them a great deal, just as learning any other simple Latin book by heart would have done. It was a method somewhat similar to those of Comenius and of Robertson. Yet, doubtless, the substitution of the grammar in English for the grammar in Latin was conceived to be a reform. No wonder the language was never conquered. Many of Hale's afternoons were spent sailing toy boats in the neighborhood of Beach Street (so called because it ran down to the beach); he made magic lanterns, dabbled in chemistry and electricity, went to Papanti's dancing-school and to the swimming-school, coasted from the foot of Walnut Street to the head of West Street, flew kites and invaded houses to get on the roofs to recover the twine, played marbles on the malls and baseball on the parade ground, shook props (deepest of crimes), and doubtless battled with Fort Hill boys, though that is more than he will confess to—in short, did everything that boys did fifteen years later. He also went to the gymnasium in Washington Gardens.

Dr. Hale notes many vestiges of Puritanism in those days. We should like to have been informed whether, in a house like the Hales', a great deal of theology was talked, and whether most people passing the evening casually together would be likely to talk about the points of Calvinism. According to Dr. Hale, the settlement of the Massachusetts Bay colony was due to the insistence of the Puritans upon their Thursday morning religious lecture, which was prohibited in England; and he attributes the preëminence of Boston in population to people being attracted by Cotton Mather's preaching—rather narrow causes for such broad effects. Mr. Palfrey, he tells us, at the Brattle Square Church would frequently break off his long morning's sermon with the words, "I shall continue this subject in the afternoon," entirely sure of having the same hearers. He notices the high pews in that edifice; but he does not say whether those along the sides were square, nor whether the deacons faced the congregation. He does not recall much about the drama, although it must have been within the period of his memories that the Tremont Theatre was built only a few doors from his home. Fanny Kemble is mentioned, not J. B. Booth, nor even Fanny Elssler. The subsequent forswearing of the drama by the good people of Boston was a curious movement, which we wish somebody would describe. Of the early secular lectures we learn something here, but that would be a subject for a volume. It was Dr. Webster's on chemistry that most attracted the boys. Emerson's were nowhere in comparison.

Dr. Hale does not represent Boston as being so pretty as one would think it must have been, with its many fine old gardens, with the superb orchids and exotics in the greenhouses of his classmate Boott's father (where the Revere House now stands), with much of Beacon Hill blooming with roses, with Summer Street an enchanting alley of verdure and peace, with Franklin Street's pretty park and fountain, with Winthrop Place and other delightful nooks. But neither does he say anything of the beauty of Cambridge, which was then so rural. Nor do the imposing buildings which were put up in those years seem to have made any impression—the Quincy Market, the Custom-house, the Court-house, the Merchants' Exchange, and other buildings in State Street, etc.

The most interesting person in the book, by far, is the author's father, Nathan Hale, editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, chief promoter of the early railways, especially the Boston and Worcester Road, and a man of much wisdom about education. Indeed, we may perhaps say that only two other characters are brought clearly before us, Fulham, an old family servant, and Prof. Peirce. The evidence of Nathan Hale's great good sense in the bringing up of his children, and the little glimpse that we catch, when the corner of the curtain is momentarily pushed aside, of the Hale interior, are so attractive that one is annoyed that there is so little of them. But, indeed, this boy was as unobservant of the inside of the house as he was of the outside. All kinds of interesting people must have frequented it, yet we hear nothing of them. There was Edward Everett, a man who had the art of charming boys as well as he did everybody else. Mr. Webster and Judge Story were there. The railway engineers are mentioned in a general way. Those men, Daniel Treadwell and Maj. Whistler, for example, were as strong and striking personalities as ever walked the earth; but for this boy they were mere abstractions—railway engineers, in a general way. As for the anti-slavery movement, or the temperance movement, or Transcendentalism, they did not exist for him.

Of course, it would be unreasonable to complain of this. Yet the history of Boston during those times is so fascinating, and it so clearly appears, as we can see now, that all the culture and all the good in it sprang out of philanthropy, while all the fogyism, and all that caused the city's overthrow in certain departments, came from the love of money, or "intelligent selfishness," that we are naturally a little impatient to see the real Boston so closely approached without ever being touched upon. There is some description of the Broad Street riot of 1837, but the important anti-anti-slavery riot of two years before and the burning of the Ursuline Convent are not so much as mentioned.

There is a pretty good account of a student's life at Harvard College from 1835 to 1839, the

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Navy Club parade, the exhibitions, the long Commencement exercises under the auspices of the Governor, the commons in University Hall, with the bill of fare for each day of the week, indelibly stamped on the author's brain, etc. The following shows how the custom of dancing on the college green on class day arose:

"Class day seems to have originated as early as the beginning of the century. The class itself chose a favorite speaker as orator, and some one who could write a poem, and had its own exercises of farewell. There grew up side by side with those farewell exercises the custom by which the class treated the rest of the College, and eventually treated every loafer in Cambridge. As I remember the first class days I ever saw, they were the occasions of the worst drunkenness I have ever known. The night before class day some of the Seniors—I do not know but what all—went out to the lower part of the plot, where there was still a grove of trees, and 'consecrated the grove,' as the phrase was, which meant drank all the rum and other spirits that they liked. Then, on the afternoon of class day, around the old elm tree, sometimes called Rebellion Tree and sometimes Liberty Tree, which stood and stands behind Hollis, all the College assembled, and every other male loafer who chose to come where there was a free treat. Pails of punch, made from every spirit known to Cambridge innkeepers, were there for everybody to drink. It was a horrid orgy from end to end, varied, perhaps, by dancing round the tree.

"With such memories of class day, President Quincy, in 1838, sent for my brother and one or two others of the class of that year in whom he had confidence, to ask what could be done to break up such orgies. He knew he could rely on the class for an improvement in the customs. They told him that if he would give them for the day the use of the Brigade Band, which was then the best band we had in Boston, and which they had engaged in the morning, they felt sure that they could change the fête. The conditions, observe, were a lovely July day, the presence in the morning at the chapel, to hear the addresses, of the nicest and prettiest girls of Boston and neighborhood with their mammas, and the chances of keeping them there through the afternoon. Mr. Quincy gladly procured the band, and when the day came it became the birthday of the modern 'class day,' the most charming of fêtes. Word was given to the girls that they must come to spend the day. In the chapel Coolidge delivered a farewell oration. Lowell, alas! was at Concord, not permitted to come to Cambridge to recite his poem; it had to be printed instead. When the ode had been sung, the assembly moved up to that shaded corner between Stoughton and Holworthy, the band people stationed themselves in the entry of Stoughton, between 21 and 24, with the window open, and the dancing on the green, of which there are still traditions, began. The wind-instrument men said afterward that they never played for dancing before, and that their throats were bone dry; and I suppose there was no girl there who had ever before danced to the music of a trombone. When our class came along, in 1839, we had the honor of introducing fiddles. I shall send a copy of this to the charming lady—the belle of her time—with whom I danced in the silk gown in which I had been clad when I delivered the class poem of the year. Does she remember it as well as I do?"

Although we cannot help regretting some omissions, yet, after all, these very omissions demonstrate that the book is made up of genuine living recollections, without resort to documents, and the same is true of some little errors of detail; thus, when Dr. Hale informs us that he spouted at the Latin School a poem of Tom Moore's containing the line

"If there lingers one spark of their fire, tread it out!"

instead of

"If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out!"

we see that the whole is a faithful record of the actual state of the author's memory—and a very pleasant memory it is.

LADY DE ROS AND WATERLOO.

A Sketch of the Life of Georgiana Lady de Ros. With some Reminiscences of her Family and Friends, including the Duke of Wellington. By her daughter, Hon. Mrs. Swinton. London: John Murray. 1893.

THE Personal Recollections written for *Murray's Magazine* in the first months of 1889, when Lady de Ros was in her ninety-fourth year, are well supplemented by the "sketch," as Lady de Ros's daughter calls the account which she has compiled of a very remarkable woman. Georgiana Lennox was the third daughter of Col. Charles Lennox, and was born at Molecomb House in Goodwood Park, Sussex, England, on September 30, 1795. Her mother, Lady Charlotte Gordon, was the eldest daughter of the beautiful and witty Jean Maxwell, wife of the fourth Duke of Gordon. Lady Georgiana's father became Duke of Richmond in 1806, succeeding his uncle as fourth Duke. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1807 till 1813. In 1819, when Governor-General of Canada, the Duke died of hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a tame fox. Lady Georgiana, when a child, was often allowed to play with the Princess Charlotte. The Princess, a merry and frank young girl, talked without restraint to her companions, and would openly avow that the two things in the world which she most hated were "Boiled mutton and — Grandmamma [Queen Charlotte]."

The life-long friendship between Lady de Ros and the Duke of Wellington began when her father was Viceroy of Ireland. Sir Arthur Wellesley was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and it was the delight of the young Ladies Lennox to ride every morning with "great Sir Arthur," as they called him, from the Vice-Regal Lodge in the Phœnix Park to the Dublin Gate; Sir Arthur going on to his official work in Dublin Castle. Lady de Ros saw the jubilee of George the Third at Dublin in October, 1809; and in June, 1887, she saw the jubilee procession of Queen Victoria. On that occasion she presented to the Queen a beautiful illumination on ivory, the work of her own hands. The Duke of Richmond, on leaving Ireland, lived at Richmond House, London, now Richmond Terrace, Whitehall. His daughters used to run down the garden to the river with a sixpence in their hands, with which they would buy a flounder from a Thames fisherman, in order to propitiate their very cross Swiss governess. As the girls grew up, they were presented at court, being carried to St. James's Palace in the evening, each in a sedan chair attended by running footmen. When Lady Sarah Lennox, the sister of Lady de Ros, was to be presented, inquiry was made if she had any other name. Lady Sarah's great-aunt, the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox (afterwards the mother of the three heroes, Sir Charles, Sir George, and Sir William Napier), had been the early love of George the Third, and it was feared that the announcement of the name might seriously affect the aged King. But Lady Sarah had no other name. When the blind old man, then over eighty, heard the name once so dear to him, he, like Isaac, "trembled very exceedingly," and asked if there was any resemblance to *his* Lady Sarah. On being told that there was a likeness, he begged the young girl "to allow a blind old man the privilege of passing his hand over her features. This," adds Lady de Ros, "he did, making no remark."

Lady de Ros had been acquainted with no fewer than nineteen Prime Ministers of England, beginning with Mr. Pitt. Of Lord Salisbury she was wont to quote his mother's opinion, that "Bobby would some day be a very clever man." In 1814 the Duke of Richmond settled with his family at Brussels. They lived in a large house in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, and the Duke of Wellington always called it "The Wash-house." This house was afterwards pulled down, and when Lady de Ros visited Brussels in 1868, she could find no trace of it. The controversy in 1888 as to the street in which the celebrated ball-room had been situated led, most fortunately, to the publication of Lady de Ros's 'Recollections.' In a letter she indignantly complains of the persecution she had undergone about the ball-room, and that correspondents of newspapers would neither believe her nor allow her to know the name of the street in which she had passed those eventful days. A large garden extended from the house to the ramparts, and when the Duchess of Richmond was sitting under the trees on the afternoon of June 15, 1815, Gen. Lord Hill called. He was in command of the Second Corps at Waterloo, but to the Duchess and her daughters he "disclaimed any knowledge of a move." There seems to have been no certainty, but much uneasiness. When, at the request of some young officers, Lady de Ros asked the Duke of Wellington's leave to get up a picnic outside Brussels, he answered, "'No; better let that drop.' For he knew we should all have been probably taken prisoners by the French." There were constant reviews of the troops, and to many of them Lady Georgiana Lennox accompanied the Duke of Wellington, often riding his celebrated charger Copenhagen. She describes Copenhagen as "a most unpleasant horse to ride, but he always snorted and neighed with pleasure at the sight of troops." Copenhagen, it may be observed, was nearly the death of his master after Waterloo. The Duke, on dismounting, gave his favorite a flattering slap on the quarters with his gloved hand. Copenhagen did not appreciate the honor, and lashed out with such force that the Duke narrowly escaped serious injury.

On May 22, 1815, Lady Georgiana Lennox rode with the Duke of Wellington to a review of the Brunswick troops, commanded by the Duke of Brunswick. As she returned rain fell, and she rode back wrapped in a soldier's greatcoat, and escorted by Gen. Alava. Gen. Alava had been in Spain with the Duke of Wellington, and used to say that he asked the same three questions every day and got the same replies: "When do we start?" "Daybreak." "What do we have for dinner" "Cold beef." "Where do we sleep?" "Don't know."

Most people will recollect the description of the state of Brussels in June, 1815, which is given by Thackeray in 'Vanity Fair.' Much anxiety was felt lest the Duke of Wellington should not return from the Congress of Vienna in time to take the command of the troops. Napoleon was known to be on the point of invading Belgium, and, in the absence of the Duke, the command would have devolved on the Prince of Orange, an inexperienced and possibly somewhat rash young officer. Lord March, son of the Duke of Richmond, was aide-de-camp to the Prince, and when the Prince, rather offended, asked Lady Georgiana why she had no confidence in him, she had the courage to reply: "Well, sir, *you* have not been tried and the Duke *has*." The Duke did return, and the famous Waterloo ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond. The room had been used as a coach-house before the

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house was let to the Duke of Richmond, but it was now the school-room and play-room of his daughters, and had a paper, "a trellis pattern with roses." The list of invitations is still preserved. The Duke of Wellington arrived rather late, and Lady Georgiana was dancing. However, she at once asked him as to the rumors of immediate action.

"He said very gravely, 'Yes, they are true; we are off to-morrow.' This terrible news was circulated directly, and while some of the officers hurried away, others remained at the ball, and actually had not time to change their clothes, but fought in evening costume. I went . . . to help my eldest brother to pack up, after which we returned to the ballroom, where we found some energetic and heartless young ladies still dancing. I heard afterwards that it had been said that the Ladies Lennox were *fine*, and did not do the honors of the ball well. In the course of the evening the Duke asked my father for a map of the country, and went into his study, which was on the same floor as the ballroom, to look at it. He put his finger on Waterloo, saying the battle would be fought there. My father marked the spot with his pencil."

Lady Georgiana continues:

"It was a dreadful evening, taking leave of friends and acquaintances, many never to be seen again. The Duke of Brunswick, as he took leave of me in the ante-room adjoining the ballroom, made me a civil speech as to the Brunswickers being sure to distinguish themselves after 'the honor' done them by my having accompanied the Duke of Wellington to their review! I remember being quite provoked with poor Lord Hay, a dashing, merry youth, full of military ardor, whom I knew very well, for his delight at the idea of going into action, and of all the honors he was to gain. And the first news we had on the 16th [the next day] was that he and the Duke of Brunswick were killed."

In 1887, Lady de Ros, then in her ninety-second year, inspected the Queen's jubilee presents at St. James's Palace. While waiting for her carriage, her attention was called to a picture in one of the rooms on the ground floor. This picture represented the death of the Duke of Brunswick. Her companions said that the review on that summer morning so long ago seemed as fresh as ever in her memory, and that tears ran down her cheeks as she described it to them. On the eventful evening of the Waterloo ball at Brussels, Lady Georgiana Lennox went in to supper with the Duke of Wellington, and he presented her with his miniature, painted by a Belgian artist.

The days which followed the Waterloo ball were very sad ones. Everybody was scraping lint or preparing "cherry-water." Lady Georgiana continues:

"On the 18th we walked about nearly all the morning, being unable to sit quiet, hearing the firing and not knowing what was happening. The first sight of the poor wounded was sickening, and each litter, as it came into the town, filled us with intense anxiety to know whom it contained. . . . In the evening of the 18th the brilliant victory was known in Brussels. . . . The next morning we heard that the Duke had arrived in Brussels, so I walked with my father, about ten A. M., up to the Parc, his house being in the Rue de la Montagne du Parc, and my father went into the house to inquire for the Duke, who sent word he would join us in the Parc, which he accordingly did, and took a turn with us. He looked very sad, and when we shook hands and congratulated him, he said, 'It is a dearly bought victory. We have lost so many fine fellows.' The reason of his coming early into Brussels was that he had given up his bed at Waterloo to poor Sir Alexander Gordon, who was dying of his wounds. The Duke tried to sleep on the floor in the next room, but after being called up to speak to Sir Alexander he could not go to bed again, and began to write his despatch; however, poor Sir Alexander's groans were so distressing that he could not get on with it, and so he rode into Brussels, where he was busy with despatches all day, and left on the 20th."

In 1824 Lady Georgiana Lenox married her cousin William, afterwards Lord de Ros. She is described as being small and slight, with beautiful hands and feet, and a transparent complexion. She continued to see much of the Duke of Wellington, and many anecdotes of him are given in her 'Recollections.' He presented Lady de Ros with the Spanish translation of the Book of Common Prayer which had been given to him by Lady Elinor Butler, one of the celebrated Ladies of Llangollen, when he, in 1808, took the command of the troops in the Peninsula. It was from this book alone that the Duke learned Spanish. He always declared that if he had commanded his Peninsular army at Waterloo, the battle would have been over in four hours; and his invariable comment on Napoleon was that "He was not a gentleman." The sudden death of the Duke of Wellington in 1852 was a great shock to Lady de Ros. All readers of 'Pendennis' will recollect the description of Arthur's sensations when he met the Duke out walking in London, and he was treated as a hero to the end of his life. When he dined out, he was received with royal honors, ladies as well as gentlemen rising to receive him. Waterloo Day was always kept by Lady de Ros; her house in London was decorated with laurel, and on the 18th of June she never failed to send a laurel bough to the Earl of Albemarle, who had been the junior ensign of the British Army in 1815. Lady de Ros took the liveliest interest in all that went on around her, and delighted in reading. She was never idle for a moment, and when her failing sight obliged her to give up embroidery and illuminating, she continued to knit. In the last week of her life she was busy over some knitting which was to be sold for the benefit of the Distressed Irish Ladies' Fund. Lady de Ros died in London, December 15, 1891, after an illness of only a few days. She was in her ninety-sixth year.

The Naturalist on the River Amazons: A Record of Adventures, Habits of Animals, Sketches of Brazilian and Indian Life, and Aspects of Nature under the Equator, during Eleven Years of Travel. By Henry Walter Bates, F.R.S. With a Memoir of the Author by Edward Clodd. D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, pp. lxxxix, 395, illustrated.

Of the first edition of this work there were not many copies; the second was much abridged; this one is a reprint of the more desirable first with the addition of a biographical memoir filling eighty-nine pages. Lapse of time since the material was gathered and since publication has not impaired the value of the book, but rather, as a record of facts, for purposes of comparison and in view of the changes that have occurred in the region traversed, its importance has increased, while it has lost none of its interest and freshness as a narrative of personal adventures on the borders of civilization as they were in the Amazonian forests forty years ago.

The field covered reached from Pará westward to San Paulo, about 1,800 miles, and was widened by numerous excursions up lateral confluents of the main stream. Bates had an ability to see things in their actual relations, and a breadth of view that are rare; he had, besides, the spirit of a true naturalist, one of the few deserving the name as compared with the many who collect, dissect, or toy with nature otherwise, who are not naturalists, but only manipulators. Inclination and previous work and field training fitted him for the task; the eleven years of his stay with independence as to place and time gave him unusual opportunities for observation. Fortunate in his personal characteristics, in his accomplishments as a linguist or with guitar and song, he was enabled to adapt himself to the people, making himself a welcome accession on formal occasions in the best society, as also in the merry-makings and hunting or fishing expeditions of the mixed bloods and the Indians. As a result, his book is packed with information a great deal of which could not have been gathered by an ordinary traveller, pertaining to nearly everything to be thought of in connection with the country—geography, geology, soils, products, weather, drainage, government, society (white or Indian), schools, religious matters, customs, costumes, implements, as well as zoology and botany, or the objects of his more special research. The narrative was written to impart information; it is approximately accurate; there is no padding in it; the amount of speculation is small. It bears evidence of thorough enjoyment in the accomplishments of month by month, bringing together the specimens of the many thousands of species and the mass of notes from a life practically new to science, and yet sufficiently indicates that the privations—lack of suitable food, exposure to heat, cold, storms, swamps, dripping and steaming forests, fevers; attacks of insects that bite, that sting, that burrow in the skin, that house their young in tumors of the flesh; dangers from serpents, wild beasts or wild men, or the perils of travel in the wilderness—were fully appreciated and endured only because unavoidable in the prosecution of our naturalist's undertaking. With so many elements of value and permanence the work is one that cannot be superseded; it is worthy a place in any library.

The preface is too full of compliment: the letters to and from the author are overladen with mutual admiration; one is led to ask whether he might not perhaps get a better idea of Mr. Bates from a more impartial and less enthusiastic pen.

Stones of Stumbling. By the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. London: William Rice.

Safe Studies. By the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Lionel A. Tollemache. London: William Rice.

Now for the first time regularly published in book form, these writings of Mr. Tollemache's have most of them seen the light before either as magazine articles or in privately printed volumes. It was on the receipt of such a volume that Mark Pattison wrote to the author in 1884: "The level of the collected papers stands so high that I now regret the volume was not published—for your credit, that is, since, as a collector, an unpublished volume is five times as precious to me." From the same source we may as well take another tribute to Mr. Tollemache's quality. In a letter quoted, with modest apologies, in an appendix, Pattison wrote to the author: "For my part, I cannot expect ever to see you again; and I must be content with here recording my experience that your conversation was to me more stimulating than that of any man I ever met."

It would be somewhat unfair to the reader to whet his appetite by this high praise from one who never gave praise lightly, without confessing that the books under notice scarcely meet the high expectations thus aroused. Yet they are witty and interesting, and besprinkled throughout with the dew of wide and unusual reading. Particularly in his resort to apt

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classical quotation does Mr. Tollemache preserve an honorable literary tradition in a way which now seems a little old-fashioned, though agreeable from its very quaintness as well as its frequent pungency. The 'Stones of Stumbling' consist in the main of essays on certain moral and theological subjects which, as the author himself admits, have lost most of their interest, but in a long appendix of eighty pages we get past that rough part of the path and emerge into the thoroughly delightful "Recollections of Pattison." Based upon a long friendship, and upon a certain affinity implied in Pattison's remark quoted above, they are altogether charming in their mingled analysis and reminiscence, narrative and anecdote. Of the many good things which the reader will find here, we can quote only the following as perhaps peculiarly suited for citation this side of the Atlantic:

"The following abridgment of an account which he [Pattison] gave of his meeting an American young lady at a foreign table d'hôte, reproduces his characteristic sayings almost, if not quite, verbatim: 'She was only nineteen, but she knew everything. She told me the exact amount of affection which the Princess C. has for her future husband; and she gave me a full account of the divorce laws in all the States of America. She appealed to me sometimes; of course I agreed. At last, she asked whether I did not think she could write a book; and I told her that she was the most ignorant girl I ever met!'"

What Pattison's idea of writing a book was, may be inferred from the advice he gave a friend who asked his opinion about a literary undertaking, and who thus reports the matter:

"He suggested that I should edit Selden's 'Table Talk.' The preparation was to be, first, to get the contents practically by heart, then to read the whole printed literature of Selden's day and of the generation before him. In twenty years he promised me that I should be ready for the work. He put the thing before me in so unattractive a way that I never did it or anything else worth doing. I consider the ruin of my misspent life very largely due to that conversation."

At any rate, Pattison was not exposed to the "Physician-heal-thyself" reproach, for had he not followed his own advice, in his Life of Casaubon?

The second volume, 'Safe Studies,' is made up of various literary and philosophical essays and recollections—in much the same vein as those of Pattison—of Grote and Babbage, Charles Austin and Stanley and Kingsley. Mrs. Tollemache's contributions appear at the close in the form of translations and poems. We take pleasure in commending these books for their biographical interest, which, in parts, is of the greatest, as well as for the refinement and learning that pervade them throughout.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ariel Shakspere. Second Group. 7 vols. Putnams. 75 cents each.
Bell, Clark. Medico-Legal Studies. Vol. 3. *Medico-Legal Journal.*
Black, W. The Wise Women of Inverness, and Other Miscellanies. Harpers. 80 cents.
Clerke, Agnes M. A Popular History of Astronomy during the Nineteenth Century. Third edition. London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan. $4.

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